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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TO CUPID.

Paraphrase—From the Greek of Anacreon.

BY A. H. F.

ODE.

At midnight when the bear
Turns at Bootes' hand,
And all the tribes of men
Obey the kind command
Of nature's law, to rest
Their wearied limbs with toil,
And minds with care oppressed;
Then Cupid came and cut
The fastenings of my door;
"Who knocks?" said I, "disturb
My peaceful dreams no more."
When Cupid said, "Fear not
To ope, a child am I,
And wet, have lost my way
Beneath a moonless sky."
As soon as I had heard
This urgent prayer, a lamp
I quickly lit, and brought
In from the cold and damp
A winged child, who had
A quiver and a bow;
Then, sitting near the fire,
Enlivened by its glow,
I rubbed his stiffened palms,
And, from his golden hair,
Pressed out the water which
In drops was glist'ning there.
As soon as he was warm,
He said, "Come, let us try
How much the string is harmed
By wet for archery;"
But, stretching it, he shot
Directly at my heart
His arrow, which distressed
It like a gad-fly's smart.
Then, bounding up with glee,
He said, "O, friend, with me
Rejoice, for now you see
The string received no injury,
And love is set at liberty."

Brunswick, Peoria Co., Ill.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DREAMS.

BY GEORGIANA H. S. HULL.

The evening winds wailed low and sweet;
The evening stars burned faint and dim.
The sea-waves foaming at my feet,
Murmured a sad and plaintive hymn;
When gently gliding to my side
A lady, beautiful and bright,
Stood pensive as a fairy bride
Arrayed in robes of spotless white.

Her soft brown locks dishevelled, fell
O'er sloping shoulders, ivory, white;
Her starry eyes evoked a spell
Whose presence beautified the sight;
Her cresent forehead, like a moon,
Peered forth through creaks of cloudy hair;
Her breathings, like the flowers of June,
Shed perfume on the summer air.

Soft was the wind and dim the stars,
And sweet the music of the sea,
And fairy-like the slender bars
Of clouds that glimmer'd o'er the lea;
And exquisite the milky gleam
Of foam-caps tossed upon the brine,
And beautiful the tender beam
Of light that fell from eyes divine.

We did not move, we did not speak;
But love's first sigh was deeply drawn—
A single tear on beauty's cheek—
A smile on lips where love was born.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE;

Or, Lights and Shadows of the Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY FRANCIS FULLER BARRITT.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. LIGHTFOOT'S PROJECT.

Gathered in a cozy group about the grate in the spacious parlor of Adam Greame's residence, in a capital city of one of the Middle States, were a party of intimate friends, and the after-dinner subject they were discussing was that great Territorial Bill, the advocacy of which conferred such distinction upon a certain puissant Senator, since dismissed from his rank as President of the Committee on Territories.

"If that bill passes," said Mr. Howard, editor of the —— "Gazette," "I shall immediately take out my passport for the new country."

"To what portion of it does your inclination direct you?" asked Mr. Greame.

"That depends," answered Howard. "I foresee that in those portions of the vast territory to be admitted lying opposite the slave-holding State of Missouri there will be a struggle between Northern and Southern principles. Into that struggle I have no wish to throw myself. Still, I want to be where the life and action are; and a few months will decide about it. What is your opinion?"

"All things considered, I think I should like a course due West. Geographically we are in about the right latitude. South of forty degrees men begin to lose their hard-working energies. Going West from here until we reached the frontier, we should keep in nearly a direct line with the chief commercial cities of the North, and all the good routes of travel. Going still farther, west of the Missouri, we should come to those mountain passes which lead most directly to the Pacific."

"But you cannot reach the frontier without a long and toilsome land journey going due West," put in Mr. Lightfoot, a young man, with a face and form of great beauty, but with a look of irresolution in his face, which, combined with the delicacy of his complexion, gave the impression that he was an invalid, but was, however, merely a peculiar indication of character.

"A mere pleasure jaunt over a most beautiful country," answered Greame. "Beside, if you are desirous of avoiding land travel, you have the choice of a delightful river voyage from two or three different points, making it longer or shorter, as you prefer."

"Oh, gentlemen, please do not get the counsellor to talking about emigration," interposed Mrs. Greame, with a beseeching smile. "When his horoscope was cast the 'star of empire' must have shone upon his birth, for, like it, he has been 'taking his way Westward' ever since, and I fear his sunsetward longings are again getting in the ascendancy."

"Me and Eleanor ought to be sent out together," remarked Mr. Lightfoot, glancing at his wife with a slightly sardonic smile, from which she seemed unconsciously to shrink.

"What! you do not tell me that Eleanor has wished to emigrate?" cried Mrs. Greame in surprise quite real and unaffected.

"Most emphatically," returned Mr. Lightfoot. "So much is she predisposed to emigration that she has written a letter to an editor of some paper on the border, making inquiries, and yesterday received an answer, favorable to all her inclinations, *of course*; so that now she sees no reason why we should not set out forthwith."

"I am mystified, not to say terrified, by this discovery," said Mrs. Greame, in a tone of voice that expressed how genuine was her consternation. "It was easy for me to understand the counsellor's occidental tendencies, having always known about them; but that Eleanor, whose love of refinement and strong home attachments should have forbidden such a thought, has suddenly conceived a taste for frontier life passes my understanding."

The last words in Mrs. Greame's rather energetic remark were spoken in a softening tone, as if sorry she must conclude her sentence, since it was begun in such spirit, for she caught the expression of Mrs. Lightfoot's face, and knew by the aurora-like flashes of color streaking her cheeks and forehead that she had in some way given her a sharp pain; and thinking only of making amends for the unpremeditated injury, she went on in a more cheerful tone—

"After all it may be a very pleasant sort of life, whose novelty recompenses one for all loss of accustomed privileges."

This encouragement, which was meant entirely for Eleanor, did not escape the ear of her husband, who added—

"Yes, Eleanor, you are right. A new country is the place for young people to begin in. It gives a man an immense advantage if he chooses to use it. I hope Herbert thinks as you do about it; and if Nymphea here does not object too strongly, you may have us for neighbors again. Who knows?"

"Ah! had not we better all take a little excursion over to the Missouri in the first place, and stick our stake?" asked Mr. Lightfoot bantteringly.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Howard, "that would be a very proper proceeding, I should judge. What do you say, Greame, to our sending out a man or two to prospect for us? It we get the right report we can make up a company in the spring. I would like to be early on the ground, as the first sheep that jumps that way is sure to have the whole flock after him."

Eleanor's eyes, which had moistened with pleasure at an intimation that she might have her old neighbors in the new country, fairly burned with excitement at this practical talk, which so much favored her wishes, and glanced exultingly at Nymphea as Mr. Greame replied—

"A good idea. I am ready to share the expense, because whether I go or not, I think I shall invest in the new lands. How would you like to go as a pioneer, Lightfoot?"

Eleanor's gaze was rivetted on her husband. He did not reply immediately, but looked confusedly at the carpet, and nervously twisted his fingers. At length, seeming to decide, he answered—

"I should have no objection, since I know how much my wife desires it."

Eleanor gave a little sigh of relief. Evidently she had hardly expected his consent to such a proposition. As for Mrs. Greame, she sighed too, but from a different feeling. Mr. Howard took cognizance of the mental atmosphere of the room, and addressing himself to Eleanor, said—

"Mrs. Lightfoot, I like your pioneer spirit. You are destined to be a great woman. You are young. I need not tell you you are handsome, because, being old friends, I have told you that often before. You have talent; you will be one of the first ladies to take possession of the virgin soil, and one of the first in every other respect. Put Herbert here—who is a little inclined to lack energy—*put him through*, and make him win for you the position you deserve. If he does not do it," turning savagely to Lightfoot, "he is a ninny, a laggard. In short, he *must* do it."

Having delivered this rather imperative speech like a privileged person, as he was, Mr. Howard returned to his conversation with the ladies, and the subject of emigration was then and there dismissed for that time.

Beside the five persons engaged in the late conversation there were two others in the room, amusing themselves over a chess-board so assiduously as to have seemed not to hear a word that had been said. These were Annalida, or more familiarly Lida Greame, Adam Greame's sister, and Gerald Floyd, Nymphea's brother. The latter was a young man of twenty-two, tall, with well cut nose and decided-looking chin, quite a handsome mouth, and a pair of flashing gray eyes, under a smooth, white brow, crowned with an abundance of silken brown hair, which was never in anything but a "beautiful confusion." Altogether Gerald Floyd was rather a handsome young man. Whether Lida Greame had ever perceived it you could not tell by any sign her looks or manners gave in her intercourse with him. It was far easier to read the admiration in the eyes of Gerald, who seemed indeed to make no secret of his preference, though why he thought her so charming did not at the first appear. She was too short for most men's ideas of grace, quite plump, and of that milky white complexion which sometimes accompanies black hair and eyes. In her case the hair was very long, glossy and profuse, and the eyes large, liquid and black as sloeberries. Add that her arms and hands were pretty, her feet small and round, and the sum of her perfections was told, unless it might be mentioned that when she smiled you discovered very white, even teeth in her large mouth. The nose, slightly *retrousse*, low brow, heavy eyebrows and color-less cheeks might have been named among her less beautiful features. And yet Lida Greame was charming with a peculiar fascination—that of soft, sweet, quiet manners, and the appealing expression not only of her glances, but the very motions of her yielding figure, which, despite of its want of height, was extremely graceful in its movements.

The young couple now abandoned their game and joined the circle around the grate, and the talk turned upon grave and friendly themes, in which all joined familiarly. Master Ion Greame, the two-year old representation of the rising generation, was brought in to say his good-night to his parents, and received his share of petting and compliment. It was a happy looking group as one might desire to see; a real cordial, unaffected, friendly and peaceful seeming picture, which would have gladdened the eyes of any change looker-on. His ears, too, would have been blessed with the rare sound of genuine tones of gaiety and affection, delightful to hear.

But Nymphea, although apparently acquiescent, was secretly uneasy, and took occasion to invite Eleanor to spend the next afternoon with her alone, an invitation by no means unusual, as the two friends were often together for a whole day, or for two days in succession. Eleanor guessed why she was wanted at this time, and knowing Mrs. Greame's anxiety, readily promised to come. Accordingly, Nymphea had on the following day a cheerful fire in her little "snuggery," with heaps of crimson cushions on the sofa, and her handsomest shawl thrown over the back—for pretty Mrs. Greame was something of a *diplomat*, and knew how to bring on the confidential mood with one of Eleanor's taste and sensibility. Neither could she help admiring the tableau she had contrived when Eleanor's faultless form, attired in its usual easy grace, reclined in an attitude of repose against the background of her costly cashmere, her rather pale face borrowing a rosy tinge from the crimson of the cushions, and her sybiline eyes catching the dreamy light arranged so perfectly to their liking. Nymphea was of that class of women pronounced anomalies by men, who can admire one of their own sex ardently; and Eleanor was one of her admirations.

Still full of her plan of discovery, with great address she kept up an appearance of disinterestedness and devotion to Eleanor's comfort, while Edna, the housekeeper, handed them their rose-flavored mocha and creamy silver cake—to Eleanor on the sofa, and to Nymphea in the great arm-chair alongside. Nymphea had taken pains to attire herself in a dress that she knew Eleanor very much admired, a garnet-colored satin, the collar of exquisite lace, fastened by an old but rare mosaic, in a very small brooch. When the tray was removed, one of Eleanor's rare smiles, which seemed to caress the one they fell upon, rewarded the efforts of her designing friend, as she said:

"You have taken unusual care to make yourself beautiful to day, Nymphea, Water-lily!"

The Water-lily could not keep down a little blush as she replied, half truly and half deceitfully:

"The occasions are likely to be so few when I can have your approbation, that I could not afford to lose this one," and in spite of her innocent intrigue, the tears came into her eyes.

"You are always beautiful," said Eleanor, *her* eyes as clear as stars, "and never more so than at this moment, when, as you say, the occasions may be becoming few when I can enjoy your beauty."

"Eleanor," began Mrs. Greame, hesitatingly, "a what golden and paradisical vision has come into your head concerning the West, that you are about to repudiate all your old loves so unceremoniously! I was never so astonished in my life as I was at what I heard last evening. Dear Eleanor, pray make it all clear to me, for I am sadly mystified by this sudden and unaccountable fancy of yours for frontier life. Surely it is not *your* wish to encounter the unromantic hardships of the border?—and yet it is *you* rather than Mr. Lightfoot, who seems bent on going."

Nymphea repented of her experiment when she saw the tell-tale face of Eleanor giving that peculiar indication of extreme sensitiveness which corresponded to the exhibition of tears in others. Red streaks, like flame, shot up her face, darting to her brow, and as quickly receding, or seeming to quench themselves in the downfalling eyelids, and the muscles around the mouth quivered with feeling. This was the greatest emotion Eleanor ever exhibited, and her friend was alarmed at having called it forth. Still she could not, or would not recall her question, and only wished to make the *amende honorable* in some other way. With her quick womanly tact, she was not long in devising a means. Drawing her sewing basket towards her, she took from it a square of white cashmere, elaborately embroidered in roses and lilies, and silently took a few stitches without looking up. Eleanor gave a little start, and then fixed her eyes upon her with a long, regretful gaze.

"Dear Nymphea," she said at last, "how sorry I am! Not that I should have been so under ordinary circumstances; but I had a secret hope that you would yield to your husband's predelictions, and that I should not go alone after all. But now—"

"Why will you hold this separation *in terrorem* over my head?" broke in Nymphea passionately. "Stay here. Don't think of going; or, if you go at all, wait until Mr. Lightfoot has first gone and brought you a report from that far away country."

"Very loving and sensible advice, dear Water-lily," said Eleanor, once more smiling; "but impossible to follow. I see I cannot put you off. I must confess what I meant not to, even to you, that it is a compulsory measure, adopted from necessity, not from choice. Do not look so surprised. I have always taken you into my heart of hearts of confidence where only myself was concerned, and I see I must even do more now, and tell the secret that belongs to another. No, don't interrupt me. I am going to trust you, whether you will or no. You are aware that since Herbert's failure he has been entirely out of business; but you may not be aware, perhaps, that he has nothing to live upon but the charity of his father, who is also deeply involved in Herbert's losses. Now, my dear Lotus, will you agree with me that we ought to make great sacrifices in order to restore his father's property, as well as to secure a living for ourselves?"

"Yes, yes, I agree to the sentiment certainly, but not to the means you employ. At least, I meant to say that it is right enough under such circumstances for Mr. Lightfoot to do as you propose, and quite manly and honorable; but why cannot you be spared a little longer, until your going would be attended with less hardship?"

"Because—because, Nymphea, Herbert would not go without me. You know," she continued, with an embarrassed air, "how notional he is about me and my being away from him!"

"Yes, I know he always seems uneasy about you if you are gone out of his sight," answered Nymphea, rather absently, while she was conscious of feeling that there was as much tyranny as affection in that uneasiness; but of course she could not say so. She reflected, too, that, as far as she could see, the proposition to make any sacrifices had not come from him, but from Eleanor herself; and that he had appeared rather to treat with contempt the plans of his wife in this matter. Neither did she feel satisfied that this one fact of Herbert's necessities and her resignation to meet them accounted fully for Eleanor's evident pain and embarrassment when questioned. But if Eleanor chose to be inscrutable she could be so, and no mortal, not even her privileged self, could penetrate the veil. Therefore she refrained from pursuing the subject farther, and the two friends spent the remaining time in those pleasant womanly confidences so absorbing and interesting to the parties concerned.

When the gentlemen came home in the evening, the snuggery was abandoned for the parlor, and conversation became general and animated. In vain Nymphea endeavored to keep the hated subject of emigration out of hearing; her husband and Eleanor persistently talked of nothing else. Gerald, too, seemed to have caught the infection; and judging from what she heard, it seemed evident enough that, unless she remained behind alone, they should all be in the new Atlantis before another winter.

"Ah, well, Mr. Lightfoot," she said at last, with a half suppressed sigh, "I presume from all I hear that we must lose you and Eleanor go, however much we would like to keep you?"

"Yes, it is nearly a settled thing I believe," he replied carelessly. "Mrs. Lightfoot is going to the Territory, and I am going along."

Something in Mr. Lightfoot's words and tone struck Nymphea unpleasantly. Eleanor also appeared to notice it, and for a moment conversation was checked; but Eleanor soon rallied, and went on as enthusiastically as before.

The result of these conversations soon formed itself into something practical, in the shape of a committee or delegation, of which, by some means, hardly observed by himself, Mr. Lightfoot was one, to go out to the frontier in the spring, and prospect for a company. But although he announced his intention of starting as soon as favorable news from Congress was received, he treated the enterprise with a laughing contempt, and continued to call it Mrs. Lightfoot's project, very much to Eleanor's annoyance, so much the more so that she could not deny it.

Early as had been the movement of the company from ——, others were in advance of them. Stricken with a desire of change, or hoping to gain a position in a Territory which it was in vain to aspire to in a mature State, or wishing to achieve sudden wealth by reckless speculation, hundreds of eager, restless, enterprising minds were already in the field. Some, too, had gone there to escape from painful recollections; and not a few were fugitives from simple justice. The history of all new countries in this particular is alike. At all events, the tide rolled on; so rapidly, indeed, that when Herbert Lightfoot reached the frontier he found himself still in the midst of civilization, and daily shook hands with some new-comer fresh from the luxury and fashion of city life. It was as unlike as possible what he had anticipated, and widely different from the country life of thirty years ago.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAUSE OF MRS. LIGHTFOOT'S PROJECT.

The surprise which was manifested by Nymphea at Eleanor's apparent desire for pioneer life was as well founded as it was genuine, for every circumstance of her previous life was against such a supposition. Bred up in luxury, gifted with beauty and talents of a high order, possessing the refined sensitiveness not only of culture, but of an extremely nervous temperament, and loving elegance from instinctive necessity for it in her nature, she was truly not one whom it would be natural to expect any hardy daring or endurance from; and therefore the incongruity between her resolution and her tendencies in Nymphea's estimation.

But, beside the reason which Eleanor had given for her determination, and which was a good and urgent one, there was another, unconfessed even to her most secret heart, that unconsciously impelled her—and that was disappointment—disappointment in that greatest desire of a woman's heart, to be loved, and to love worthily. The conviction was daily forcing itself upon her mind that she had overrated her husband in almost every respect, and as a companion to that conviction, another—that he under-rated her. His treatment of her and her opinions had in it a sort of jealous contempt—a fear that she expected too much, and that others would render more than she deserved. Eleanor had never dared to look the subject calmly in the face, and find out the reason of this uncomfortable state of feeling between herself and her husband. With the extreme sensitiveness of her fine temperament she shrunk from any probing of the hidden wound. That the wound was there—that it sometimes made her faint with pain and apprehension, was enough; she could not examine it nor allow it to be seen.

In her desire to make herself unconscious of the truth, she tried to believe that external circumstances alone were to blame for her unhappiness, and that if Herbert could be involved in a new life, and animated with the stir and excitement of fresh circumstances to the blotting out of pecuniary perplexities, all would come right again with the return of his courage and hopefulness. Or—and this thought hardly formed itself before it was banished—if it was never to be any better between them, she would prefer to suffer unnoticed and unpitied among strangers, than to have the mortification of feeling herself pitied by old friends and associates; pitied, or, perhaps, blamed. It was *this* which inspired her with the heroism to become a pioneer; it was this indomitable pride which would not own her heart's great want unsupplied—the desire to shrink away from observation, and be lost in the great ever-swelling sea of western immigration until the test was made, which impelled her to give up all old pleasures and associations for the new and uninviting prospect of a pioneer experience. And Herbert, who, ever since his failure, had been wavering between the necessity for exertion and the dread of it, finding her resolute in her plan, concluded to be governed by her judgment in the matter, since it would save him from any exercise of his own, and in the event of its proving a poor venture, throw the blame upon her. It was the first time that ever he had deferred to her opinion in a matter of any consequence, and he took pains to have her realize the full weight of the responsibility; but, in despite of this, she was rejoiced at the concession, unflattering as it was. Inexperienced Eleanor! She did not foresee that, in proportion as she showed firmness and strength, her husband would cast his burthens upon her. She could not know, what was true, that he had not doubted *her* so much more than any one else; only that she was in a position to feel more acutely the inefficiency and irresoluteness of his character, which prevented him from having a full and hearty confidence in anything. This was the secret which Nymphea had not been able to discover; a secret which, as yet, was nameless, even between Herbert and herself.

Notwithstanding the pain of the final parting from her friends, and the uncertainty which lay at the end of her journey, Eleanor found herself much delighted with the country over which they travelled, particularly as they drew near the Missouri. In writing to Nymphea she said: "I was very much impressed with the sublimity of the prairies; and had a strong feeling of wonder that this country, so beautiful, so perfect, had lain for centuries under the admiring eye of its Creator alone! For Him its roses blossomed; for Him the sunshine and shadow chases each other at their beautiful play; for Him all these miles upon miles of verdant fields yearly renewed their verdure; for Him hourly the bracing breezes dimpled the grass in their flight; for Him was all this limitless grandeur displayed. I had been accustomed to think of the earth and its productions as belonging to man—as having been created for him; but here the words 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof,' ring continually in my ears like a grand anthem, as they are. We get here no such charming little gems of views as may be had in a country of lakes and forests; but boundless pictures, inexpressibly grand in dimensions, yet soft and dreamy in effect. Long sunny slopes, coming down to valleys gay with the floral wealth of May; on all sides hills, yet never precipitous, some crowned with groves, some smooth with waving grass, and facing to every point of the compass—confused and yet harmonious—surprising you ever with new combinations of the same features—such is the rolling prairie. We commence an ascent with not a tree in sight; three minutes more and we look off upon groves on every side, and shadowy dells, and other flowery valleys. In a heavily-timbered country one sees the face of nature as it were one feature at a time; here we behold every passing expression. If a cloud flit over the sun, its shadow is seen miles away, resting on the hills, gliding down into the vales—merging itself in sunshine at last."

Such was Eleanor's impression of the country, and for a time her enthusiastic nature revelled in its novel beauties.

At the end of the railroad lines a travelling party had been made up to go by carriage, consisting of the Lightfoots, Mr. Howard, and a young Virginian, Col. Pinkney; Eleanor being the only lady in the party. They travelled by slow stages, and rested whenever a log house by the way looked a little more comfortable than its neighbors; sleeping at a little village each night, the villages growing smaller and farther apart all the time. At the end of a month the bluffs of the Missouri were in sight; a joyful piece of intelligence to Eleanor, who, beside her fatigue, had other reasons for wishing to come to the end of her journey. Gradually, almost ever since they had commenced the carriage-travel, Herbert had ceased to pay her those attentions which it is proper a lady should receive from her husband or other protector during the difficulties and annoyances of a long journey. Imperceptibly at first, then more decidedly, these little services began to be rendered either at the hands of Mr. Howard or Col. Lightfoot, until at last no stranger observing them would have guessed that Mr. Lightfoot sustained any nearer relationship to Eleanor than either of the other gentlemen; while to have guessed her relations with regard to any of them would have puzzled a critic in such matters, who had not heard the names of the party. This neglect was so painful to Eleanor that no politeness on the part of her friends, who were truly polite, could set her at her ease, though she strove never so hard to make it appear that she was quite satisfied and happy, and had all her heart desired; which she was obliged to affect was but little, in order to conceal her increasing consternation at the opposite effect produced on her husband to what she had expected, from her dependence on him solely.

It was with a feeling of relief then, that she beheld the sun set upon their last day's journey on the hither side of the great river whose valley they were about entering for the first time. Darkness closed over them just as they reached the bottom of the last long hill which brought them to the level bottom land. A few miles more of anxious expectation, and the lights of City East began to glimmer before them, and they knew they were really on the frontier.

A late supper, a restless night in a little uncarpeted room, which some gentleman had evidently given up to them, and Eleanor opened her eyes on a scene of lively interest to her. From the window of her apartment she saw that City East was a mere street or two of small irregularly-built houses which followed the windings of a wide gorge in the bluffs, whose branches made other streets, diverging nearly at right angles to the main gorge. The hotel at which they were stopping was at the extremity of the street toward the river, and afforded a view of the wide bottom lands north and south, as well as of the opposite bluffs on the west side of the river—the boundary of that country to which she was going. The hills on the east were wild and broken in the extreme, and beautifully fanciful in appearance. A bright, clear atmosphere shone over all, and gave her feelings a hopeful coloring. Descending to the parlor, the windows of which overlooked the main entrance, she was surprised to observe the crowd of gentlemen collected about the door, so far away had she imagined herself to be from a dense population. Directly breakfast was announced, and several gentlemen came in to escort ladies down to table. Then the bell rang, and Eleanor heard distinctly the hurry and tramp of those many feet in the direction of the dining-hall. But no one came for her, and she was gazing from the window on the now empty pavement, with a strange sensation swelling in her throat of loneliness and desolation. She had not seen Herbert since early in the morning; but directly he came in and asked if she had breakfasted.

"Certainly not; I have waited for you."

"You need not have done that. Where is Howard or the Colonel?"

"I have not seen them this morning," replied Eleanor, rather coldly. "I hope you have not expected them to *continue* their care of me?"

"Well, I did not know but one of them might find it convenient to happen in. I was looking about town, myself, and have discovered several acquaintances. There are as many as two hundred people at this hotel. Come, let us go down."

"We cannot get seats now, I am sure; but if you choose to try, you can; I am not hungry enough to eat anything this morning."

Herbert looked at her a moment with a half-curious, half-contemptuous gaze, then answered: "Your appetite will improve when you have been in the territory a while. Ladies who have a fancy for pioneering must not be too delicate;" and with this remark left the room.

The ladies began to re-assemble in the parlor, and Eleanor kept her face to the window. She felt as if it betrayed what a terrible struggle there was in her heart to keep down the feeling of forsakenness which had entered there of late, and was growing into a nightmare of despair. The memory of her proud and happy girlhood, of the days when she had looked upon herself as the most enviable bride; the after-days of mourning for her parent when, though a blessed bride, she was an orphan, whose only relative and brother was away on the wide sea; then the gradual faint dawnings of that horrible feeling which was choking her at this moment, the feeling that her birthright of love had been bartered away for a mess of pottage.

Herbert came up to say that he "was going over to the Territory with Howard and others, and that he might not return for a day or two; but that, at all events, he should send word in the evening if he staid. She should make herself as comfortable as possible."

The choking sensation grew so unbearable when he was gone, that she was forced to retire to her sleeping-room, cheerless as that was, to hide herself from observation. Throwing herself on the bed, she allowed the dry suffocating sobs to escape from her almost bursting bosom for a while, before she attempted to reason with herself concerning her feelings. Then she asked herself several questions. Was it not necessary now for her to learn to do without the attention which, under different circumstances, she had always received as her right? Ought she to blame Herbert for his indifference when perhaps his mind was absorbed with business? Had she not volunteered to undertake this new life, and ought she not to conform to it as much as possible? Yet she could not help remembering that other ladies were in precisely the same situation, and did not seem to lack for affectionate services from their husbands. In the midst of the conflict between instinctive conviction and reasoning doubt, there came a soft knock at the door. Rising to open it, she was astonished to recognize the face of a former schoolmate. With a cry of pleasure she sprang into the embrace of her visiter.

"Why, Sara! is it possible? I am so happy at seeing you!"

"And I am happy at finding you. It was by the merest chance that I heard you were here. Mr. Osborne met your husband in the street, this morning. Did he not tell you?"

Eleanor confessed that she had not heard of it, but supposed Mr. Lightfoot's hurry had made him forget to tell her. "But I am so glad," she repeated; "I was just indulging in a fit of homesickness, though I ought not to confess it."

"No wonder, I am sure, in such a place as this. I came around on purpose to take you to my house; for you must know I am housekeeping here, and, although my rooms are small and few, we shall make room for you. So just lock up your trunks and order them sent to my house, for I mean to take you right along."

"Oh, how kind you are; and how strange it seems to meet you away out here. How did you happen to come? I cannot get used to the idea of seeing a familiar face in this strange country."

"Never mind now, Eleanor dear. When we get home and you get rested—for I see you are very tired—I have a thousand things to tell you, and as many more to ask. Put on your bonnet now, while I run down and tell the landlord where to send your trunks." And down the long passage skipped Mrs. Osborne's light feet, while Eleanor, all in a tremble of surprise and pleasure, hastened to make herself ready.

"I never expected," said she, when they were in the street together, "to find so much civilization out here. It seems quite like any large hotel at the —— House, only desperately crowded, and not very well furnished. Pray, how long has it been built?"

"Two or three years, I believe; before we came here, anyway. You see, my dear, that this is an old Mormon town, and is yet a sort of trading-post for their emigration, which has made it a point of some consequence for the last seven years. I am living in an old Mormon house myself, though one of the best of them."

"How odd! I hope it does not affect your faith, and that Mr. Osborne has not turned polygamist by infection."

"Well, no," answered Sara, rather hesitatingly, "on the contrary, I think he finds one wife is as much as he can divide his thoughts with. But here we are; walk in and see if you can detect any lingering savor of the prophet here."

Eleanor found herself in a pleasant room, with rather low ceiling, opening directly upon the street. Back of this was another room, used as a kitchen, and opening off from that a bedroom. There was also a bed in the apartment she had entered, which was used for parlor, dining-room, and if need were, sleeping-room. The house was comfortably furnished, though not very neatly kept. Mrs. Osborne, among her other good qualities, did not number that of neatness or order in any eminent degree. But in spite of this failing she was a charming and loveable woman, who doted on her friends, and was never weary serving them.

Eleanor had an exciting and agreeable day. Sara's nimble tongue contrived to crowd into a few hours a full history of her own experience as an emigrant, and an account of a hundred events connected with the peculiar character of the country. That she was a favorite with her neighbors was very apparent, as in the course of the day Eleanor was introduced to a dozen or more callers, who just dropped in to have a moment's chat. The greater proportion of these were gentlemen, and it was easy to observe that the male population greatly preponderated in this frontier town.

Mr. Osborne came in just before dinner, and as Eleanor had never before met with him, she secretly scrutinized his appearance. Evident marks of dissipation were already stamped upon his otherwise intelligent and refined countenance; and Eleanor remarked the anxious expression of Sara's eyes when he first made his appearance. She seemed relieved to find him in a cordial humor, and her spirits took a consequent rise, she recounting all the odd and comical aspects of new-country life with great liveliness. Notwithstanding Eleanor's gloomy morning, she found herself in high spirits when, in the evening, Col. Pinkney called to deliver a note from Herbert, saying he should remain several days in the Territory, and would come or send for her when he was ready to receive her; explaining that it was next to impossible to go to any place in the Territory.

Being invited to call upon them, or upon Mrs. Lightfoot, whenever he chose, the Col. came around on the following day to inquire after Eleanor's health, and to ask her if she had yet ascended the bluffs near the town. Being answered in the negative, he proposed that they should do so that afternoon, as the view from this eminence was magnificent. Eleanor willingly acceded to the proposal, having an enthusiasm for fine views; and this walk was but the first of a series, in which all the fine points of the scenery were hunted up and enjoyed. Sometimes Sara accompanied them, other times they went alone. Forgetting for a time her uneasiness, by not being reminded of it, her naturally buoyant temper made her excel all the hitherto suppressed fancy and imagination that the Colonel had noticed upon their journey; and for those few days, animated by novelty, cheerful society, the clear bracing air of the high prairies, and the lovely weather of the early summer, Eleanor was the gay, impressible, poetical woman of her unmarried days.

After a week spent in this manner, during which she had received no word from Herbert, there came a note from him, telling her to come over on the following day. Not a word was said of any escort, or of the ways and means by which she was to come. Eleanor's spirits fell all at once—she was reminded!

On this evening it chanced that she did not see the Colonel; but she had made up her mind at all events not to tell him she was sent for, lest he should feel compelled to offer to escort her. She knew there was an omnibus running to the river at certain hours of the day, and as Herbert had mentioned the morning, she tried to hope he would be at the river when she arrived there. It was four miles from City East to the ferry, and, as she was told, another mile and a half on the other side, from the ferry to the hotel. Bidding Sara an affectionate good-bye, she stepped into the stage at eight o'clock in the morning, with a feeling of her old anxiety overcoming her. Mr. Osborne would have accompanied her to the river, but seeing in the stage a gentleman with whom he was acquainted, he introduced him to Eleanor, expecting that, if there was any need, he would make himself useful. But Eleanor's new acquaintance, said not a word during the four miles ride; and as he was the only other passenger beside a little lad she had seen at the hotel, Eleanor had plenty of time to grow apprehensive. She had heard of the Missouri as the "mad river," and she knew that the steam ferry being out of order, the passengers were all taken over in a small skiff. There was a stiff wind blowing from the south that morning that made the white-caps dance on the waves of the mighty river, and her courage misgave her about crossing in the skiff.

But as the other passengers made no objections, she was resolved to be silent, and resolutely stepped into the tiny boat after her baggage. She observed that the gentleman had a keg of nails in his care, which was also put into the boat. As soon as the party were seated and Eleanor had tucked up her dress out of the mud and water, the boatman hoisted a tiny sail, and the little craft danced out into the current with a speed that was exhilarating, if it was not a little frightful. Before they were half way over, a shower came down upon them in blinding sheets of fine rain, that the wind beat into their faces without mercy. Yet through it all Eleanor kept her eyes on the shore in hope of seeing Herbert waiting for her. Never was hope more futile. When she had scrambled up the bank, at a place where a little hut was standing under a lone oak tree, she saw neither man nor beast—nothing but the bare green prairie stretching out to where, a mile or more away, a little cluster of houses announced the site of the infant city to which she was bound. The utter bewilderment of her ideas for a moment was pitiable. This was the land she had come to with such resolution. On this virgin soil her pilgrim feet were pressed at last; but how helpless and desolate she felt!

The gentleman who had been her fellow-passenger paused one moment, as if comprehending her situation, then manfully shouldered his keg of nails and walked away toward town as rapidly as possible. "Just so!" thought Eleanor; "no doubt the interests of the Territory demand the instant delivery of that keg of nails."

"What shall I do with my trunks?" she asked of the boatman. "I see there's no chance of getting them to the hotel at present, and it would not be safe to leave them here; beside, it is raining."

"I dunno, ma'am, unless I just set them inside this ere shanty. It's where we stay sometimes, and they'll be safe there, I reckon."

Eleanor thanked him, drew her veil over her face, and started to overcome the mile of *terra firma*, and the high south wind, lying and blowing between her and the city called City South.

The lad who had come over with her had lingered about until she was ready to start; then approaching her side, and keeping step with her, he addressed himself to her attention by asking if she was going to the hotel.

"Yes, my lad, if I can find it."

"I will show it to you, ma'am. I am acquainted with the proprietor; and I am going over to see the Governor."

"Indeed! You are very kind, and I shall thank you very much for showing me the way."

They chatted along as well as they could with the wind blowing their breath away.

"The wind blows very hard in this country," remarked the lad.

"It does, indeed," replied Eleanor; but the words were whirled away out of hearing on the instant, and she staggered, nearly exhausted.

Coming at length to the beginning of streets, they took their way in the most direct line "across lots," unobstructed by fences, to the hotel. Here the lad brought Eleanor into a large square room on the first floor, which had a bed in each of its four corners, and which he informed her was the sitting-room. "I will bring the proprietor to you," said he with quite a business-like air, and left her to arrange her disordered dress before a small mirror hanging between two of the beds. In a few moments he returned with a pleasant-looking man, who inquired what were her commands.

"I wish to see Mr. Lightfoot," she answered.

"Ah, Mrs. Lightfoot, I presume? Your husband was expecting you. Make yourself quite at home, madam. I don't know just where to find Mr. Lightfoot, but he'll certainly be in about dinner-time."

"When do you dine?"

"At one o'clock, madam."

"And it is now ten. Very well. Thank you."

"But your clothes are wet, madam. I will send a man to light a fire in the stove."

"Thank you. Do so, if you please."

The proprietor left the room, and Eleanor turned to her little friend, saying:

"You are the first friend I have found in the Territory, and the finest gentleman; please tell me your name," and she held out her hand to him.

The lad's eyes brightened and moistened. "My name is Durand Turner, and my mother lives in City East. Are you going to live here, ma'am?"

"Yes, I believe so; that is my present intention."

"Then I shall tell my mother to call on you."

"Do so, my little friend; I shall be glad to see her. But why do you say your mother lives in City East? Have you no father?"

The lad's eyes ran over with sudden tears at Eleanor's unexpected question.

"No, ma'am. My father died when we had been only a few weeks in this country; and mother and I, and little sister, keep house alone."

Eleanor felt the tears rising in her own eyes. Death in a new country! She had never thought of that. How she pitied this poor wife and mother, so ruthlessly bereft of her sole earthly support. Her thoughts flew quickly to Herbert, and, in spite of her late desolation, she felt she might be more desolate still; when there would be nothing to look forward to—nothing but looking backward into a grave; and so she forgave him.

Her little friend now left her, to go on his errand, and she sat down to watch the man light a fire. While she sat thus, listlessly, with a slight nervous pain in her head from the fatigue and dampness, Col. Pinkney came in. Eleanor gave a start, for she instantly saw that she must confess her plight, and how, unattended and unwelcomed, she had first set foot in the new Territory.

The Colonel started, as well as she. "Pardon me, but I did not know you were coming over to-day. You must have come alone, as I just left Mr. Lightfoot in the Governor's office."

Eleanor acknowledged that she had, and laughingly recounted her adventures. The Colonel smiled at her narration, but made no comments, except to say that he would go and inform Mr. Lightfoot.

"No, do not go," quickly answered Eleanor; then remembering herself, she blushed violently.

"Really, shall I not?" asked Pinkney, smiling.

"Certainly. I shall be very much obliged." And this was Eleanor's introduction to pioneer life. When Herbert came in, he

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 19, 1861.

OATHS AND VACCINATION.

Secession and small-pox seem to be allied. The oath of allegiance to the Government seems, upon the whole, the best antidote to the one, operating in fact very much as vaccination does upon the other. Certain it is, that of the captured cavalry squad, some thirty-five or six found in arms against the United States Government, all but two have been allowed to take the oath of allegiance and depart to their homes, considered now safe from all further attacks of that most infectious and virulent of diseases—secession. Instead of being punished for bearing arms against the United States, as some of them seem to have expected, Captain Ball and his men leave, we hear, warmly enthusiastic at their treatment from our hands, and resolved now to retire to peaceful pursuits, and spread a wholesome influence.

The disunionists seem, on the other hand, to be hanging as spies, if reports be correct, men caught within their borders under suspicious circumstances, and drafting into the militia three-tenths of all the inhabitants of those districts of Virginia round the seat of war to fight against allegiance and conscience. They steal all the hogs and supplies of food, and impress all their horses and wagons. This falls in some measure as a quick and just retribution upon Virginia for allowing a few bold and treacherous conspirators of the aristocratic classes to lead her nominally out of her sworn allegiance to the Union. This wicked hatred of Northerners, and zeal for secession, becomes more virulent the nearer you approach the centres, such as Richmond, Charleston, Montgomery, and the Mississippi, where they hang Union men by the dozen.

But this is the point here to be noticed; the more virulent the disease, the more eagerly will the simple remedy be sought out and found. These thirty-five captured men, treated kindly, and after swearing allegiance to the Constitution, dismissed unharmed to their homes, will do more than a battle to spread peacefully around them sentiments of healthful allegiance to the United States Government, as the only cure for the horrid anarchy and despotism, to which Virginia is now subject through the secessionism of the cotton States.

It will naturally be asked whether the remedy is sufficient? Will not prisoners and others take the oath and go off immediately afterwards and be found in secession conspiracies again. No doubt some will. You may vaccinate men for the cow pox, but it will not always take hold of the system. And there are some men whose consciences are so vile that they will take any oath and not feel bound by it for an instant against their own interest. Such cases must be dealt with specifically and as they arise, like small pox. But there is another fact about vaccination only recently discovered, and highly illustrative of this oath of allegiance and its loss of power in certain cases. Vaccination seems not only in some instances to wear and die out of its efficacy in the system in the course of years, but the presence in the surrounding country of a virulent form of small pox, will in a week or two absorb the protective virtue of vaccination from the system. Persons who have been so vaccinated that the matter would not take but a few weeks before the approach of small pox, will find that vaccination *will* take and alone preserve the system from the small pox after it has been in the neighborhood a little time. The only safeguard is, in such cases, to *renew* when the danger is renewed.

Now it is thus with the oath of allegiance; it is not infallible, and even in army officers it seems to have lost its virtue by degrees in the course of years, and Governors, and Judges, and Legislatures have gone through the form, and it has not saved them from treason; sometimes because it never took hold of their thoughts and hearts, and at others, because its impression wore out of the system, or the presence of secession in a community will seem to absorb the virtue of this oath from the mind and conscience. And yet let it be administered fresh in the midst of the danger and with reference to it, and it will take, and keep the individual from treason. General Scott and all his officers publicly have renewed their oaths, and the proffer of this oath to the captured, will save whole districts and States from being decimated by civil war and treason.

NOT EQUAL TO THEIR PROMISES.

There has been a great backing down thus far on the part of the disunionists from all that had been expected of them. The rout at Pallippi, the quick retreat from Alexandria, the utter failure of the rebels to attack Washington or Fortress Monroe, or any other place, where a hundred men have been posted, except in Texas, have certainly not impressed the world with any great respect for the military skill of the disunionists. Why has no attempt been made on Fort Pickens? They had boasted that they were armed, and that we were not, and could not get ready to meet them, and one of their men was to be equal to ten of ours.

It has not been the want of much real courage on the part of Southern men, but more than anything else, the consciousness of a bad cause and a divided heart, a doubtful allegiance, and a want of reliance either on their cause or on their men. Except a few leaders, who really, deeply and long, have hated the United States Government, and would soon hate any other, there are very few who in heart have not hated to fire on the Stars and the Stripes. The majority have been drawn in unwillingly and on all sorts of false pretences and false hopes of thus making some better terms of peace for their friends. But the changes of every day show that the Southern army is made up, to some extent, of men who hate their work. The noble conduct of the son of Col. Washington, who has taken the oath of allegiance because he did not want to fight against his country's flag, is a good illustration. Others who affect to do the same thing and those who have deserted whenever the slightest opportunity offered afford evidence of this fact.

From other sources the same fact, not only as to the state of the army, but of the whole Southern country generally, except in South Carolina, comes to us well authenticated. Many men of the highest intelligence and influence in the South, have assured the Presbyterian General Assembly, or its members, by letter, if not personally, that there were in the South, Southerners enough to fight disunion in the proper time and way. In fact the Southern people have had no hand in this rebellion, though misrepresentations, and the fear of consequences, now produce an apparent unanimity which opportunity discloses to be anything but genuine.

On the other hand, the Secessionists find the Northern troops not at all the sort of men they had been led to expect. In far better health, and drill, and food, and clothing, than themselves, men capable of supporting each other a hundred times better than the rebels, they have advanced quietly, firmly and inflexibly, around their foes, who have been compelled to back down from Williamsport and Grafton, and to run away from Alexandria and from Phillippi, showing that they had quite misunderstood the Northern power of combination. The consciousness of possessing a superior degree of intelligence, and a higher *morale*, of a lofty purpose, the support of the noblest and best form of government on earth, of being guided by the finest General of the age, all these things have combined greatly to give a sort of moral superiority already to our forces, and to dispirit those of the rebels. What may be in store for us, none can predict. But restoration of the full powers of the Government may take place more rapidly, and with less bloodshed, than the most sanguine have ventured thus far to anticipate, if all continues to work on in the same noble and self-sacrificing spirit in which they have begun.

LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, receive a friend, carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. Their *amour propre*, like a porcupine, is ever ready to erect its quills. If they meet an acquaintance in the street, who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come into contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find that some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, has been mistaken for an insult.

To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person once get a reputation for being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint in his or her presence: and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased. Your people, who fire up easily, miss a deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny, serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them.

Have you this suspicious tendency in your character? Lose no time in eradicating it. Whether it comes from excessive sensitiveness, or from a worse source, it will prove the bane of your life and the annoyance of your friends. You will always be "in hot water," to quote the old adage, while you retain such a weakness. Neither wife nor husband, parent nor child, friend nor acquaintance, can preserve for you an undiminished affection, if you continue suspicious, if you imagine slights that were never intended. It is both more prudent and more Christian to err, if you must err at all, by not seeing neglect that is intended. Often a bitter quarrel, a life-long alienation, may be averted by overlooking conduct which is the result of temporary irritation. How worse than foolish, therefore, to see a slight where none was meant.

CAMP LIFE.

What can be done to improve more effectually camp life, to render it most perfectly healthful, comfortable, improving to the men in their after life, and conducive to morality and good order among the men, and peace and comfort to the surrounding neighborhood? Camps have been places most destructive to life, repulsive and degenerating in many wars, and probably in most, because, generally, men have began to fight without a just cause, the scum of society, in most European wars, have been the first, because the most easily enlisted, and these taken from the humanizing and refining influences of mother and wife, and sister and maiden and children, have become brutalized rather than elevated.

With a hundred thousand of our young men in the field, from every variety of walk in life, from almost every nation and every Northern State, with all degrees of education and moral culture, the effect upon the future character of the nation will in every way be very profound. Never was there an army called out so suddenly by such a noble impulse, and, therefore, there never was such a number or proportion of the very finest young men, the purest and best patriots, and noblest spirits, to be moulded or injured by the next few months.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, and several of the best medical men of that city, have been formed in a sanitary Committee. Miss Dix has nobly taken the place of Miss Nightingale, to superintend the nursing of the sick. Each regiment, or nearly each, has its Chaplain. All have their Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon, while the able and wise arrangements of the most careful General who ever took the field, will probably, with the blessing of a kind Providence, do much to make our camps, as they have been thus far, more healthy than probably those of so large an army ever were for so long before, in the history of the world.

Let it be added to this, that the food and clothing, partly through the open comments of a free press in some cases of temporary fraud, are now probably more bountiful and excellent and liberally supplied, than has been customary, and we may at least approach the consideration of this subject most hopefully every way.

But in the matter of health so much will depend upon the character of the regimental officers, that it would be well if full directions as to the location of camps, the causes of sickness, and the best remedies could be continually set before them, and if meetings of the officers for free discussions as to all possible improvement in army life, could be frequently held. A havelock may save the life of many a man in a hot sun, and a hundred other contrivances, such particularly as shall make pure water plentiful and whisky scarce, as shall keep the men from wet clothes, or half cooked food, or exposure to miasma without a previous cup of warm coffee, will save the constitutions of thousands. Camp life has already become one of a health and strength and robustness to many who have gone, such as they never knew before and never would have known but for this war. It may be made such a school of health as shall be of the utmost value to many.

But how to make it improving to the mind is not so clear. Yet William Cobbett's advice to young men well shows how he became one of the dearest and best writers of his age, through just this sort of discipline. Let such books as that and a thousand more that men will delight to read, be furnished as a sort of camp library for each Captain's company. These libraries should be carefully selected by worthy and benevolent individuals or neighborhoods, and exchanged every three months. In the French army each private even is encouraged to keep a diary, and his promotion often grows out of its records. Perhaps no life of modern times shows how thoroughly compatible with the life of an army officer, always in active service, is the very highest intellectual and moral improvement as that of the English General Havelock. The men under his command were always distinguished as the best drilled, most orderly, brave, moral and useful, while he studied Persian and half the languages of India for recreation, wrote despatches to admiration, and carried his religion with him wherever he went. Lives such as these, and the correspondence of sensible men, and of Christian associations with the troops, may lead to the camp life becoming as profitable a school for a philosopher now as in the days of Socrates, and for the development of a religious manliness in this day as in the days of David. But it will need the co-operation of many minds and many hearts to make it all that it easily may become.

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS REBELLION?

The Confederate officials in all their public papers put in, as a justification of their rebellion, the plea that their constitutional rights were denied in new territories, and their social institutions endangered by the predominant power and sentiment of the free States. But this plea is as hypocritical a one as is the pretended fear that their institutions were in any danger from the Government which had always been their protection and security. The real motive which prompted the attempted overthrow of the Government was a hatred to popular institutions. This was early shown in De Bow's Review, the principal organ of the leaders of the rebellion. There the Southern Confederacy was shadowed forth, its aims, its purposes and objects—an expanding empire based on military rule, with suffrage largely restricted—labor on one side to retain the aristocracy and a paternal higher order to beneficiently govern the laboring. These sentiments were openly promulgated and never denied, until the Montgomery Convention assembled and prepared to hoodwink the world by temporarily adopting a Constitution nearly similar to that of the United States. In the speeches of the members of Congress in our National Legislature, scorn and contempt for the masses of the North seemed to be the prevailing sentiment of the representatives of South Carolina. They shrewdly foresaw that political power must forever pass away from the oligarchy which had hitherto ruled in our Government, if suffrage remained in the hands of the people. The only way to rule therefore was to break up a Government based upon the equality of the citizens, and to establish a landed aristocracy and a military despotism. If there are any doubts that this is the purpose of the Confederate rebels, confirmation of the facts is to be found in the avowals made to Mr. Russell, which are printed in a letter published in another column, taken from the London Times. That sympathizing gentleman seems to be delighted with the discovery which he made of this fact, while sojourning among the South Carolinians.

How He Was Received.—Renshaw, the lieutenant who, while holding a commission in the United States Navy at Pensacola, was the first to haul down the American flag at the desire of the rebels, and has since been acting as commissioned officer under them, has been distinguishing himself by frequent visits to the officers of the United States vessels off Fort Pickens. He goes under a flag of truce, but there is no doubt that the only purpose of his visit is to pick up facts respecting our forces, and to betray them to the Confederates. He has been frequently entertained, and received courtesies from the American officers, which he certainly did not deserve. But on his last visit to the Sabine, the sailors, truer to their flag than some of their officers, received him with a storm of hisses. The indignant traitor asked of the commander the punishment of the men for the treatment he had received, but the commander could not carry his professional courtesy so far as to comply with his request. Such a fellow as Renshaw, who has not the fact of being borne in a seceded State to excuse his treachery, ought to be denied the privilege of ever again entering into the presence of a loyal officer, or putting his foot upon a Federal ship. The instincts of the sailors prompted the proper treatment for him.

Fuel for the Fire for the Southern Heart.—The leaders of the rebellion fired the Southern heart by all sorts of stories of what the Administration meant to do after the 4th of March in releasing slaves and overturning things generally in the Southern States. They now supply that fire with fuel in the most absurd stories of the outrages perpetrated by the Federal troops in Virginia. All the atrocious crimes of the most barbarous people are attributed to our soldiers, and women and children particularly are represented to be the victims of their unbridled passions. Even Beauregard endeavors to keep up this delusion by depicting the deplorable consequences to Virginia homes by the invasion of Federal troops. As he is just in the vicinity of the Government troops, and knows precisely their acts, and that the government and discipline they are under, would forbid any improper act without due punishment, his official fulmination shows that like the rest of his confederate coadjutors, he will descend to falsehood for the purpose of inflaming the minds of the Southern people.

Not Yet Satisfied.—The Charleston Mercury says the South Carolinians are panting for the opportunity to try their steel upon their foes. They have tried their "steal" with so free a hand for some months past that they ought now to be satisfied awhile, at least till their foes get near enough to have their pocket handkerchiefs put in danger.

The Army Clothing Contract.—The Grand Jury at Pittsburg have presented Messrs. Frowenfield, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Charles M. Neal, of Philadelphia, Agent of Gov. Curtin, for fraud in the Army clothing, and the Court of Quarter Sessions have directed the District Attorney to draw a bill of indictment against those persons.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

This line, remarkable in our Colonial history, and further celebrated as a dividing line between the free and slave States, excites at this time a degree of attention which makes its history an object of public interest. It was a subject of dispute between the colonies of Maryland and Pennsylvania for more than three-quarters of a century, and in that part of the country where the Federal troops are now encamped, in the neighborhood of Chambersburg, the early settlers had many contentions in regard to the claims of the respective proprietaries of the two colonies.

Maryland claimed, under the charter of Lord Baltimore, all the territory to the fortieth degree of north latitude, as well as the whole of the peninsula formed by the Delaware river and bay and the Chesapeake bay. The charter for Maryland preceded that for Pennsylvania nearly half a century, but the Dutch and Swedes who had settled on the Delaware, successfully resisted the claims of Maryland, on the ground that Lord Baltimore's charter extended only to the lands that were still unoccupied, whereas the lands on the Delaware had been occupied and colonized before the charter ries was granted.

In 1683, William Penn purchased the land upon which Philadelphia is located from the Swedes, and he became at once, under the terms of his charter for Pennsylvania, a principal in the disputed boundary question. He replied, as the Dutch and Swedes and the agents of the Duke of York had done before, that the charter for Maryland did not extend to that part of the country which had been purchased, colonized and occupied before that charter was written. Besides, it was insisted, on the part of Pennsylvania, that the expression in Penn's charter, to begin at the fortieth degree of north latitude, ought to be construed to be where the thirty-ninth degree ended. Maryland, however, claimed all the territory to the fortieth parallel inclusive, and had this been allowed it would have taken from Pennsylvania nearly six thousand square miles of her domain, including the city of Philadelphia.

The controversy in 1685 was referred to the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in England, who, after hearing the parties, made a report, upon which an order of council was made, directing a division of the disputed territory between the respective proprietaries. This order was never acted upon, supposed to relate to the peninsula between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays, the main cause of dispute, the territory to the fortieth parallel, claimed on the one side, resisted on the other, remained unsettled.

The controversy remained open as before, with fresh causes of dispute continually arising, until the year 1732, when a compromise was effected by the respective proprietaries, and Commissioners were appointed to survey and mark the boundaries upon the following lines: Beginning at Cape Henlopen, and thence due west to the middle of the peninsula which lies between the Delaware bay and the Chesapeake bay, thence North to the extreme northern part of a circle of twelve miles diameter, New Castle, on the Delaware, being the centre. From the tangent thus obtained, a line due north to the parallel fifteen statute miles south of Philadelphia, and thence by the extension of this parallel (from the circle) to the western boundary of Pennsylvania. These Commissioners met, but having disagreed upon some points, did nothing. Two years later, in 1735, the Penns desiring to have the controversy closed upon the terms of this compromise, instituted a suit in Chancery in England, and in 1750 a decree was rendered that the articles of compromise of 1732 should be carried into effect. The Commissioners appointed under this decree met in the same year, but being unable to agree as to the method of extending the arc of the circle around New Castle, they separated without doing anything.

Thus matter rested until 1760, when the respective proprietaries agreed to employ Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two eminent mathematicians, who finally closed the long dispute by surveying the lines according to the compromise and decree of chancery above mentioned, thus marking the boundaries between Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware as they at present remain. Mason and Dixon did not run the line to the western extremity of Pennsylvania, but only to a point some forty miles west of the Susquehanna river, the line from this point to the western boundary was not run until several years afterwards.

The celebrity which Mason and Dixon's line subsequently obtained was owing to its being the boundary between Pennsylvania, stretching from the Delaware river on the Atlantic seaboard, to the Ohio river, with the short angle forming the pan-handle, separating the free States of the North from the slave States of the South, the Ohio river thence forming a similar boundary to the Mississippi. Hence the Southern boundary of Pennsylvania, called Mason and Dixon's line, probably from the dispute which had been settled by that part of the line traced by them, became famous as a sort of equinox between the North and the South, dividing the free from the slave States.

HOW WE MAKE WAR.

A noticeable feature of the present struggle is the light which it is shedding on the most efficient way of conducting a campaign. In the British war in the Crimea, the world was taught that to send Burgoyne's regiment of Zouaves to be fed over Hampton creek at one o'clock this morning, and to march by the road up to Newmarket bridge, then crossing the bridge, to go by a by road, and thus put the regiment in the rear of the enemy, and between Big Bethel and Little Bethel, in part for the purpose of cutting him off, and then to make an attack upon Little Bethel. I directed General Pierce to transport him from Hampton with Colonel Townsend's regiment, with two mounted howitzers, and to march about an hour later. At the same time I directed Colonel Phelps, commanding at Newport News, to send out a battalion, composed of such companies of the regiment of his command as he thought best, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, in time to make a demonstration upon Little Bethel in front, and to have him supported by Colonel Bendix's regiment with two field pieces. Hamblin's and Townsend's regiments should effect a junction at a fork of the road leading from Hampton to Newport News, something like a mile and a half from Little Bethel. I directed the march to be so timed that the attack should be made just at daybreak and that after the attack was made upon Little Bethel, Duryea's regiment and a regiment from Newport News should follow immediately upon the heels of the fugitives, if they were enabled to cut them off, and attack the battery on the road to Big Bethel, while covered by the fugitives; or, if it was thought inexpedient by the officer failing to surprise the camp at Little Bethel, they should attempt to take the work near Big Bethel. To prevent the possibility of mistake in the darkness, I directed that no attack should be made until the watchword should be shouted by the advancing regiment, in case there should any mistake in the march the regiments that were to make the junction should unexpectedly meet and be unknown to each other, also directed that the members of Col. Townsend's regiment should be known in the day light, by ornamenting while wearing on the arm.

The troops were accordingly put in motion as ordered and the march was so timed that Col. Duryea had got in the position noted upon the accompanying sketch, and Lieut. Col. Washburn, in command of the regiment from Newport News, had got into position indicated, and Col. Bendix's regiment had been posted and ordered to hold the forks of the road, with two pieces of artillery, Colonel Townsend's regiment had got to the place indicated just behind, and we about to form a junction as the day dawned.

But by this time the plan had been vigorously, accurately and successfully carried out; but here, by some strange fatality and as yet unexplained blunder, without any word of notice, while Colonel Townsend was in column *en route*, and when the head of the column was within one hundred yards, Col. Bendix's regiment came on the ground from the rear, with two pieces of artillery, and musketry upon Col. Townsend's column, which, in the hurry and confusion, was irregularly returned by some of Col. Townsend's men, who feared that they had fallen into an ambuscade. Col. Townsend's column immediately retreated to the entrance near by, and were not pursued by Col Bendix's men. By this almost criminal blunder two men of Col. Townsend's regiment were killed, and eight more or less wounded.

Hearing this commanding and firing in his rear, Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, not knowing that his communication might be cut off, immediately reversed his march, as did Colonel Duryea, and marched back to form a junction with his reserves

General Pierce, who was with Col. Townsend's regiment, fearing that the enemy had got notice of our approach, and had posted himself in force on the line of march, and not getting any communication from Colonel Duryea, sent back to me for reinforcements, and I immediately ordered Colonel Allen's regiment to be put in motion, and they reached Hampton about seven o'clock. In the meantime the true state of facts having been ascertained by Gen. Pierce, the regiments effected a junction, and returned to the lines of march. At the approach of the firing of Colonel Bendix, Colonel Duryea had surprised a part of an outlying guard of the enemy, consisting of thirty persons, who had been brought to the me.

Of course, by this firing, all hopes of a surprise above the camp at Little Bethel was lost, and, upon marching upon it, it was found to have been vacated, and the cavalry had pressed on toward Big Bethel. Colonel Duryea however, destroyed the camp at Little Bethel and advanced. Gen Pierce then, as he informs me, with the advice of his Colonels, thought best to attempt to carry the works of the enemy at Big Bethel, and made dispositions to that effect. The attack commenced, as I am informed—for I have not received any official reports—about half past nine o'clock.

At about 10 o'clock General Pierce sent a note to me saying that there was a sharp engagement with the enemy, and that he thought he should be able to maintain his position until reinforcements could come up. Acting upon this information, Colonel Carr's regiment, which had been ordered in the morning to proceed as far as Newmarket Bridge was allowed to go forward. I received this information, for which I had sent a special messenger, about twelve o'clock. I immediately made dispositions for Newport News to have Col. Phelps, from the more vigilant observance of his duties, to proceed as fast as these orders could be sent forward, I repaired to Hampton, for the purpose of having proper ambulances and wagons for the sick and wounded, intending to go forward and join the command.

While the wagons were going forward, a messenger came announcing that the engagement had terminated, and that the troops were retiring in good order to camp. I remained upon the ground at Hampton, personally seeing the wounded put in beds and towed round to the hospitals, and ordered Lieutenant Jonathan Phelps, with two boat howitzers, to cover the rear of the returning column in case it should be attacked. Having been informed that the ammunition of the artillery had been expended, and seeing the head of the column approach Hampton in good order, I waited for Gen. Pierce to come up. I then informed him that the dead and wounded had all been brought off, that the return had been conducted in good order and without haste. I learned from him that the men behaved with great steadiness, with the exception of some few instances, and that the attack was made with propriety, vigor and courage, but that the enemy were found to be supported by a battery, variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty pieces, some of which were rifled cannon, which were very well served, and protected from being readily turned by a creek in front.

Our loss is very considerable, amounting perhaps to forty or fifty, a quarter part of which you will see was from the unfortunate mistake (to call it by no worse name) of Col. Bendix.

I will, as soon as official returns can be got, give a fuller detail of the affair, and will only add now that we have to regret especially the death of Lieut. Greble, of the Second Artillery, who went out with Col. Washburn, from Newport News, and who very efficiently and gallantly fought his piece until he was struck by a cannon shot. I will endeavor to get accurate statements to forward by the next mail. I think, in the unfortunate combination of circumstances, and the result which we have experienced, we have gained more than we have lost. Our troops have learned to have confidence in themselves under fire, the enemy have shown that they will not meet us in the open field, and our officers have learned wherein their organization and drill are inefficient.

While waiting for the official reports, I have the honor to submit thus far the information of which I am possessed.

I have the honor to be,

[illegible] Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

[illegible] Benj. F. Butler, Maj. Gen. commanding.

Proclamation of Governor Jackson, of Missouri.

St. Louis, June 13.—The following proclamation of Governor Jackson was received here to-day:

Jefferson City, Mo., June 12, 1861.

To the People of Missouri:—A series of unprovoked and unparalleled outrages have been inflicted upon the peace and dignity of this Commonwealth, and upon the rights and liberties of its people by wicked and unprincipled men, professing to act under the authority of the United States Government. The solemn enactments of your Legislature have been nullified: your volunteers have been taken prisoners: your commerce with your sister States has been suspended; your trade with your own fellow citizens has been, and is, subjected to the increasing control of an armed soldiery; peaceful citizens have been imprisoned without the warrant of law; unoffending, defenceless men, women and children have been mercilessly shot down and murdered; and other unbearable indignities have been heaped upon your State and yourselves. To all these outrages and indignities you have submitted with patriotic forbearance, which has only encouraged the perpetration of these gross outrages to attempt still bolder and more daring usurpation.

It has been my earnest endeavor under all these embarrassing circumstances, to maintain the peace of the State, and avert, if possible, from our borders the desolating effects of civil war. With that object in view, I authorized Major General Price several weeks ago to arrange with Gen. Harney, commanding the Federal forces in this State, the terms of an agreement by which the peace of the State might be preserved. On the 21st of May they came to an understanding which was made public. The Sate authorities have faithfully labored to carry out the terms of that agreement. The Federal Government, on the other hand, has not only manifested a strong disapprobation of it, by the instant dismissal of the distinguished officer who, on its part, entered into it, but at once began, and has unremittingly carried out a system of hostile operations in utter contempt of that agreement and in reckless disregard of its own pledged faith.

The acts have latterly portended civil war and revolution, so unmistakably that I resolved to make one further effort to avert these dangers from you. I, therefore, solicited an interview with Brig. Gen. Lyon, commanding the Federal army in Missouri. It was granted, and waiving all questions of personal and official dignity, I went to St. Louis, accompanied by Maj. General Price. We had an interview with Gen. Lyon and Col. F. P. Blair, Jr., at which I submitted to them the proposition:—That I would disband the State Guard and break up its organization, that I would disarm all companies which had been armed by the State; that I would pledge my efforts to attempt to organize the militia under the military bill; that no arms or munitions of war should be brought into the State; that I would protect all citizens equally in all their rights regardless of their political opinions; that I would suppress all insurrectionary movements within the State; that I would repel all attempts to invade it from whatever quarter, and by whomsoever made and that I would maintain a strict neutrality in the present unhappy contest, and preserve the peace of the State.

And I further proposed that I would, if necessary, invoke the assistance of the United States troops to carry out these pledges. All this I proposed to do upon condition that the Federal Government would undertake to disarm the Home Guard which it has illegally armed throughout the State, and pledge itself not to occupy with its troops any localities in the State not occupied by them at this time.

No thing but the most earnest desire to avert the horrors of a civil war from our beloved State, could have tempted me to propose these humiliating terms. They were rejected by the Federal officers. They demanded not only the disorganization and disarming of the State militia, and the nullification of the military bill, but they refused to disarm their home guard, and insisted that the Federal Government should enjoy an unrestricted right to move and station its troops throughout the State whenever and wherever that might, in the opinion of its officers, be necessary, either for the protection of the loyal subjects of the Federal Government or for repelling invasion. And they plainly announced that it was the intention of the Administration to take military occupation under these pretext, of the whole State, and reduce it, as avowed by Gen. Lyon, himself, to the exact condition of Maryland.

The acceptance by me of these degrading terms would not only have sullied the honor of Missouri, but would have aroused the indignation of every brave citizen, and precipitated the very conflict which it has been my aim to prevent. My refusal to accede to them and the conference was broken up.

Fellow citizens:—All our efforts toward conciliation have failed, and we can hope for nothing from the justice or moderation of the agents of the Federal Government in this State. They are energetically hastening the execution of their bloody and treasonable scheme for the inauguration of a civil war in your State, by armed bands of lawless invaders, for the overthrow of your State Government, and for the subversion of those liberties which that government has sought to protect; and they intend to exert their whole power to subjugate you, if possible, to the mild and despotism which has usurped the powers of the Federal Government.

Now, therefore, I, Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor of the State of Missouri, in view of the foregoing facts and by virtue of the powers vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this Commonwealth, issue this my proclamation calling the militia of the State to the number of 50,000 into the active service of the State, for the purpose of repelling said invasion, and for the protection of the lives, liberty and property of the citizens of this State. And I earnestly exhort all good citizens of Missouri to rally under the flag of their State for the protection of their endangered homes and firesides and for the defence of those most sacred rights and dearest liberties.

In issuing this, my proclamation, I hold it to be my solemn duty to remind you that Missouri is still one of the United States, and that the Executive Department of the State has no power to throw it from that position, or to dissolve its connection with the Federal Government. That power has been wisely vested in the Convention, which will at the proper time express your sovereign will, and that in the meantime it is your duty to obey all Constitutional requirements of the Federal Government. But it is equally my duty to advise you that your allegiance to your own State, and that you are under no obligations whatever to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism which has inaugurated itself in Washington, nor to submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its ministers in this State. It is your duty to treat the Secret Missourian will obey the one or submit to the other. Rise then, and drive out ignominiously the invaders who have dared to invade the soil which your labors have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes.

(Signed) Claiborne F. Jackson.

Flight of Governor Jackson.

[From the St. Louis Democrat of June 13.]

Gov Jackson's incendiary flight—Destruction of the Gasconade and Osage Railroad Bridges.

Advices reached us yesterday that Governor Jackson, on his return to Jefferson city, on Tuesday night, caused the destruction of the Gasconade and Osage railroad bridges. A despatch to this effect was received at the arsenal yesterday morning, and by the last evening's train in the Pacific railroad, we learn, positively, that the Gasconade bridge was destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The burning of the telegraph wires by the same fiendish band leaves us without any reliable advices from points on the railroad above the Gasconade, and from Jefferson city. There was a rumor at Herrmann, well credited at that place, that the Osage bridge had also been burned. It is not considered likely that both structures are entirely destroyed.

We learn that just before starting from the city on Tuesday evening, on the special train, Governor Jackson gave his solemn word of honor to Mr. Taylor, President of the North Missouri Railroad, that he did not intend to harm any of the bridges or do any damage to the road.

The St. Louis Republican, a *quasi* secession paper, says of this affair:—

When the Osage bridge was damaged, early in the last month, under circumstances of similar character to the present official, there was a general disposition to overlook the indiscretion. It was done at a moment of great excitement, when members of the Legislature, as well as others occupying official stations were almost beside themselves with fear, and to give an order for the destruction of the bridge, and to carry it out, was the work of a moment. In the present case, without any of the surroundings which seemed to justify that outrage on the public property, Governor Jackson appears to have lost all judgment, all respect for his position and fame, and all regard for the damage which he was doing. There is no apology for his conduct. He had no right to expect that he would be followed by United States troops for the purpose of executing any writing in his hand.

If a writ was in existence at all, failing secure of his presence of all treasonable intent against the United States Government, he ought to have waited the service of civil process and given bail to answer the charge. But instead of doing this, he fled with design to arrest the payment of bonds, and to prevent the passage of freight and passengers. This is the opinion of members of the company, who noted the man's movements, that he was not of sound mind.

The statue for the Clay monument, to be erected at Lexington, Ky., is now finished, and the inaugural ceremonies will take place on the Fourth of July next. It is twelve feet in height, modelled from Joel T. Hart's celebrated statue executed for the ladies of Virginia, and is said to be an excellent likeness of the great orator.

Who Ran—It is reported that one of the slaves at Newport News, on being questioned as to whether he had ran away from his master, replied: "No, golly, massa *ran away from me!* When he see de soldiers comin', he run like de debbil. I 'spec' he's gone to Richmond!"

The Catechism Improved.—The Hudson Gazette tells of a little four year old girl, who, while repeating the catechism at her mother's knee replied in answer to the question "What did God create?" "The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars—*and the stripes!*"

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, has been requested, by a meeting of Union men at Dover, in that State, to resign his seat in the United States Senate, on the ground that, being a Secessionist, he does not represent the sentiments of the people of Delaware.

Col. Thomas L. Kane, brother of the late Dr. Kane, has assumed the command of a volunteer regiment in Pennsylvania, forsaking extensive agricultural plans which he had set afoot in McKean county.

The successor of Senator Douglas in the Illinois senatorship, O. H. Browning, is a Kentuckian by birth, and a Republican of conservative antecedents. He is a lawyer by profession.

Yellow Fever in New Orleans.—The Memphis Bulletin reports that the yellow fever has just shown itself in New Orleans. Three cases were in the Charity Hospital, on the 3d instant.

Upon the Marriage of Miss Wheat, of Va., a gentleman hoped that her path might be *flowery* and that she might never be *thrashed* by her husband.

Oysters.—The Perth Amboy (New Jersey) Journal says the oyster crop, which has failed for several years, will be very fine this year, and of the best character.

Emigration to Utah.—More than a thousand Mormons have passed through Chicago, Illinois, within [illegible] days, on their way to Great Salt Lake Valley.

J. H. Redford, a volunteer from Louisville, was accidentally shot and killed at Portsmouth, Va., last Saturday.

Pieces of the planking of the stairway of the Marshall House, Alexandria, are selling in Chicago, Ill., at one cent per square inch

The seventeen year locusts have made their appearance in several counties of Illinois, bordering on the Mississippi.

In the Gurney Divorce Case, in England, a decision of absolute dissolution of marriage has been made.

An Official Return shows that, in the last fifteen years, 3,504,062 persons have emigrated from the United Kingdom.

The only advance the North is ready to make to the South—An advance on the rebels.

Madame Alboni's income from her engagements is $5,000 per month.

What Virginia wants—More to back her.

Important from Fortress Monroe.

ADVANCE OF U. STATES TROOPS.

FATAL MISTAKE.

FIRING UPON FRIENDS.

REPULSE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS

A MASKED BATTERY.

Gen. Butler's Official Report of the Battles.

Washington, June 12, 1861.—The following is Gen. Butler's official report of the affair at Little and Big Bethel:

Headquarters, Department of Virginia, Fortress Monroe, June 10, 1861.

To Lieutenant General Scott:—*General*—Having learned that the enemy had established an outpost of some strength at a place called Little Bethel, a small church, about eight miles from Newport News, and the same distance from Hampton, from whence they were accustomed nightly to advance both on Newport News and the picket guard of Hampton to annoy them, and also from whence they had come down in small squads of cavalry and taken a number of Union men, some of whom had the safeguard and protection of the troops of the United States, and forced them into the rebel rank, and that they were also gathering up the slaves of citizens who had moved away and left their farms in charge of their negroes, carrying them to work in entrenchments at Williamsburg and Yorktown, I had determined to send up a force to drive them back and destroy their camp, the headquarters of which was the small church. I had also learned that at a place a short distance further on, on the road to Yorktown, was an outwork of the rebels, on the Hampton side, at a place called Big Bethel, a large church, near the head of the north branch of Back river, and that here was a very considerable rendezvous, with works of more or less strength in progress of erection, and from this point the whole country was laid under contribution.

Accordingly I ordered General Pierce, who is in command of Camp Hamilton, at Hampton, to send Duryea's regiment of Zouaves to be ferried over Hampton creek at one o'clock this morning, and to march by the road up to Newmarket bridge, then crossing the bridge, to go by a by road, and thus put the regiment in the rear of the enemy, and between Big Bethel and Little Bethel, in part for the purpose of cutting him off, and then to make an attack upon Little Bethel. I directed General Pierce to transport him from Hampton with Colonel Townsend's regiment, with two mounted howitzers, and to march about an hour later. At the same time I directed Colonel Phelps, commanding at Newport News, to send out a battalion, composed of such companies of the regiment of his command as he thought best, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, in time to make a demonstration upon Little Bethel in front, and to have him supported by Colonel Bendix's regiment with two field pieces. Hamblin's and Townsend's regiments should effect a junction at a fork of the road leading from Hampton to Newport News, something like a mile and a half from Little Bethel. I directed the march to be so timed that the attack should be made just at daybreak and that after the attack was made upon Little Bethel, Duryea's regiment and a regiment from Newport News should follow immediately upon the heels of the fugitives, if they were enabled to cut them off, and attack the battery on the road to Big Bethel, while covered by the fugitives; or, if it was thought inexpedient by the officer failing to surprise the camp at Little Bethel, they should attempt to take the work near Big Bethel. To prevent the possibility of mistake in the darkness, I directed that no attack should be made until the watchword should be shouted by the advancing regiment, in case there should any mistake in the march the regiments that were to make the junction should unexpectedly meet and be unknown to each other, also directed that the members of Col. Townsend's regiment should be known in the day light, by ornamenting while wearing on the arm.

The troops were accordingly put in motion as ordered and the march was so timed that Col. Duryea had got in the position noted upon the accompanying sketch, and Lieut. Col. Washburn, in command of the regiment from Newport News, had got into position indicated, and Col. Bendix's regiment had been posted and

ARMY AND NAVY.

THE PACIFIC SQUADRON.—Letters from Panama speak of the Pacific Squadron. A few of the officers of the Saranac have resigned their commissions, but the men without a single exception remained true to their flag. The oath of allegiance was administered with impressive ceremonies On the completion of the ceremony, Captain Ritchie desired any one present who entertained any reservation whatever in regard to the oath to step forward and declare their objection; not a man moved from his place, but in one spontaneous outburst of feeling, the crew gave proof of their devotion to the Union in three soul-stirring cheers for the American Flag. The Wyoming's movements were uncertain, at last accounts; but her boilers having been reported as seriously defective, it is supposed that she will be detained at Mare Island for more thorough repairs. The St. Marys is also at San Francisco, for the purpose of repairs. Orders have been sent to the Narragansett to proceed to Acapulco, and relieve the Oyane.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 19, 1861.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.
To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.
To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 52 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.
To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"MY MOTHER-IN-LAW" is very well in sentiment, but will hardly do to print as poetry.

"HOME ATTRACTION," by "Viola," is a little more didactic than we desire. As we always have a large amount of that description of reading on hand, we do not include such communications in our list of paid for MSS. We shall hold it under consideration.

"AT THE EVENTIDE," and "LINES FOR AN ALBUM," by L. R. P., came duly to hand. "The Hidden Message" and "Helen Morrison" have not yet been reached in our examination of the pile of which they form a part, but we little doubt they will be published when a little relieved from the present pressure on our columns.

"COUNT THE COST," by "de F. D.," would be returned as requested, had the writer enclosed a postage stamp, to pay return postage. It is worth publishing, but *we* have no occasion to buy it just now.

REVEALING GOVERNMENT SECRETS.

The Government is compelled to adopt some plan for keeping its military movements from the knowledge of the newspapers, so that they shall not be revealed, in advance, to the rebels, as they now are. We have been surprised at the daily revelations made by special correspondents by telegraph, particularly for the New York papers, of the various intended military movements, and have wondered why the Commander-in-Chief did not turn such correspondents out of camp, or out of the offices of the Civil Departments, the secrets of which they abused. It is a well established fact, that Harvey, a correspondent of the New York Tribune, sent word to the Governor of South Carolina of the intended reinforcement of that fort, and so precipitated the attack on Sumter. This he did while professing to be a friend of the Government, and having confidential relations with it. Another correspondent of the Tribune is now charged with having revealed certain movements intended to be made by the army last week which foiled the movement and compelled a change of programme.

Such revelations as these are in the nature of "giving aid and comfort to the enemy," and ought to be prevented. The Government should keep a trusty and intelligent person in the telegraph office at Washington, and not permit any despatch relating to military affairs to pass over the wires without his scrutiny and sanction. The New York reporters have had such license given them for so many years, in the publication of official secrets, even to the purloining, with impunity, the official papers before they are submitted to Congress, that they have come to the conclusion that nothing is to be withheld from them, and are very likely to abuse those who attempt to restrain them.

Even this Tribune correspondent, who owed an apology to the Government for his indiscretion, or wilful disregard of public interest by publishing facts he ought not to have revealed, is out in a serious complaint against the Government for restricting his privileges as a reporter. Such privileges as cost the lives of hundreds of our volunteers, for the mere gratification of a morbid appetite for news, ought to be restricted. The correspondents who accompany the army are a useful set of men when they are put under proper control, or have judgment enough of their own not to abuse their positions. There are many items of intelligence from the various camps which keep the friends and families of the soldiers well acquainted with their condition and health, and which serve to quiet anxiety. These, it can do no harm to speak of, and the letters are usually received too late to be of any service to the rebels, but the telegraphing, every morning, every movement of the army, is as great an impropriety, an act of folly, as if the commanding officer, with overstrained courtesy, were every day to send out a courier to the enemy announcing when and where he meant to attack him, and with how many men.

JEFF. DAVIS' PEACE PROCLIVITIES.

The Maryland Commissioners, representing the secession feeling in that State, have recently been assuring "His Excellency" Davis, the chief insurgent now in arms against the Government, that they are in favor of reconciliation and peace, and Davis replies that he wishes peace also, and would "readily entertain any proposition from the Government of the United States tending to a peaceful solution of pending difficulties." "Pending difficulties" is the mild term this arch rebel gives to his treasonable and infamous assault upon the integrity of the Union, and he is ready to "entertain any proposition from the Government" he seeks to overthrow! No doubt he is, but how painful it must be to his feelings to find this generosity of his so little reciprocated by the Government, and how like an autocrat he already talks as if he had already consummated his treasonable work, and established his confederacy beyond any probability of its overthrow. The proposition the government will make is that which every established power offers to the traitors who attempt to overthrow it—"Lay down your arms, and reduce yourself to obedience to the laws." There will be no peace until their authority is restored, and to that end all the power and resources of the nation will be devoted. The Government no longer temporizes with rebels. It means to conquer a peace, and to leave the Republic on the broad and sure foundation of the Constitution, as established by our fathers. No mongrel aristocracy, based upon military despotism and eternal servitude, will be allowed to rear its head upon this part of the continent. The soil of the United States was devoted to freedom and equality, and while there are men in the land who value republican institutions, there will be hands to defend the Government which secures these rights to them. The corrupt and debased oligarchy of the South have mistaken the feeling of their own countrymen. Having no feeling themselves for a republic whose principles condemned their actions and interfered with their ambitious desires, they imagined that the attachment of the people of the Government was as loose as their own, and for as selfish ends. They have now awakened to the reality, and find that there is an instinctive sentiment of patriotism pervading the public heart, and that this roused sentiment is sufficient for the protection of the institutions the people love and mean to stand by. To establish their liberty cost one war, to sustain it unimpaired they will wage another, and not stop until every foe of republican government is subdued.

MARYLAND.—All the Union candidates for Congress at the recent election in Maryland were elected. The unconditional Union majority in Maryland over the peace party, the neutrality faction, the State rights supporters, the secessionists, the rebels, rowdies and ticklers, all combined, will exceed fifty thousand, or nearly five to one.

THE BETHEL AFFAIR.

One great deficiency in our troops, we fear, is the lack of experienced and well-tried officers. A man may be brave enough to face death without blenching; but bravery without military skill avails nothing in a fight with men equally as courageous, and known to possess some of the best officers our National military school has produced. Our volunteers themselves are not, we fear, discriminating enough in this matter, though their safety depends upon it, and too frequently select their officers because of their social qualities and position, rather than for their known ability as disciplinarians and their knowledge of strategy. War is a business, and is to be conducted on well-tried and well-established scientific principles. Without this scientific knowledge in the officers who have charge of divisions, regiments and companies, failures must certainly ensue, just as surely as any other business will fail when an incompetent person attempts to direct or control it. Even with this scientific knowledge there must be active intellect, quickness of perception, readiness of resources, power of combination, rare judgment and imperturbable coolness, to fit a man for field operations, and with the lives of hundreds and sometimes thousands of men depending upon his tact, judgment and skill.

The affair at Bethel appears to us to show a degree of blundering which must be attributed to nothing else than want of skill in the officers. Over three thousand men start out at night to unmask some batteries which the rebels, it was believed, had erected between Hampton and Yorktown, outside of Gen. Butler's lines at Fortress Monroe. The danger of night attacks is that, unless great caution is observed, the columns, if in detached commands, are likely to encounter each other. This is the case in this affair, and two of the New York regiments attacked each other in the supposition that they were encountering the enemy. This mistake, which might have produced much mischief, was discovered in time, before any great injury was done. But the event does not seem to have induced greater caution, for we find the commander, Gen. Pierce, attacking a masked battery of thirty rifled cannon without apparently knowing its power or strength, though these, probably, could have been tested before the assault was ordered. It is a difficult matter, at this distance from the scene of operations, to criticise the judgment of the officer in command; but as the soldiers who were engaged in the affair condemn their officer, it seems highly probable, that their condemnation is based upon substantial reasons, for they very soon find out the qualifications of their leaders when they see them tested in the field.

The Bethel affair is an important one, for it is the first rebuff to a series of well-planned and skilfully executed movements by General Butler at that important end of the line of operations against the enemy. That this live General and sensible and clear-sighted Commander will repair this temporary disaster, we have not the least doubt, for with promptitude he combines the faculty of knowing how to act and when to act, having shown himself hitherto equal to any emergency or any duty required of him. The repulse, we hope, will be a lesson full of wise instruction. It will induce regiments to get rid of incompetent officers and to place men of known qualifications and skill in command. Let every soldier remember that his safety in action depends upon the skill of his officers, and that a blunder on the battle field, no amount of bravery can repair.

☞ There has been some unjust censuring of the administration for the appointment of military commanders from civil pursuits. It is well known that about the time of authorizing volunteer forces, it was strenuously contended, in several of the States, in our own among others, that a liberal proportion of the officers should be from pursuits other than military. It was demanded as an inducement in the rapid enrollment of volunteers. The Government has given no more appointments in the army to civilians than is justly due to the volunteer sentiment of the country. The head of the War Department has steadily kept in view the fact that *war is a trade*, and the men that know the trade must guide and direct it. A man, possibly, may be born a soldier, as a man may be born a poet, but even a Cæsar, and a Napoleon *studied*, and studied hard, when war was mainly strategy or muscle—whereas now, war is Chemistry, Trigonometry, Geometry, the science of projectiles, as well as strategy and muscle. Every man now-a-days is brave, or is forced to act as if he were brave, but bravery is only muscle, whereas war is art, science, mathematics, at times even geology. To know all about estates, tail, contingent, or remainder, pleas, inter-pleas, rebutters, and sur-rebutters is *not* to know war. To know all about exchanges, rates of insurance, bottomry, life tables, &c, is very well, but it is not war. War is scholarship, now-a-days, as well as brains. The brains are indispensable, it is true, but the scholarship is just as indispensable. An intellectual soldier, brought up to his trade, will carry his point, with the loss of one life, whereas the mere muscle-soldier will lose a hundred lives in carrying the same point. Let this fact, then, continue to be borne in mind by the head of the Department, and as heretofore put forth for all the more important posts men of intelligence and military training.

☞ The report has obtained that Queen Victoria is insane and that there was some talk of a regency. It is probably all a hoax, for we read of her Majesty's enjoying the Whitsuntide holidays as heartily as any of her subjects, at her favorite retreat in the Isle of Wight, and the royal family circle was made more pleasurable to one at least of the princesses by the presence of Prince Louis of Hesse. Another royal visiter at the English court is the King of the Belgians. The Prince of Wales remains at Cambridge. A short time since he was, as the French say, "assisting" at a review of volunteers. It is now asserted that the story of his tumble into the river, with Capt. Grey, his equerry, was a mere *canard*, literally a "flying duck." The galeties of the court season, which were interrupted in so melancholy a manner, were shortly to be resumed, and her majesty had commanded a grand concert at Buckingham Palace.

☞ With the New Orleans Editors just now there is a great cry for paper! paper! paper! Must have printing paper or the press will have to be stopped—the usual supplies from the North having totally ceased. Somebody has managed to make them a little printing ink—but ink without paper will never make a newspaper. The Bee figures up fifteen paper mills in the Confederacy which are turning out about 75,000 pounds daily, whereas the consumption exceeds 150,000 daily. Unless something be done at once to supply the deficiency there, an en entire suspension of newspaper publication is not only inevitable, but, says the Bee, "serious inconvenience will result from the want of even common wrapping paper." Bad enough to have the Brooklyn showing her guns at the mouth of the Mississippi, but to have no newspapers—no wrapping paper, even!—is dreadful to think of.

☞ The evacuation of Harper's Ferry, has been doubtless stimulated by the advance upon Romney, on Wednesday, by the Ohio troops, and the continued advance of the Pennsylvania forces, via Chambersburg, under Gen. Patterson. The left flank of the Virginia army will now probably rest upon Winchester, about thirty miles from Harper's Ferry, the vicinity of which, it is probable, will be fortified. From Winchester via Manassas Gap, to Richmond, York and Norfolk, the Virginia line is now expanded, with great railroad facilities for concentration. Gen. Johnston, or whoever commands at Harper's Ferry, has probably been wise in the evacuation, as his position was rapidly becoming untenable. A retreat movement like this, however discouraging, strategy may applaud. It is to be hoped, the rash improvidence of volunteers will be tempted into no more battery traps.

☞ The Maryland elections for M. C.'s seems to have gone all right, the only doubt attaching to any member's position being that of Mr. May, in Baltimore. Both May and Davis, after the election was over, made speeches to the crowd. May strongly declared Union sentiments, repudiating partisanism, and also the doctrine of Secession. He said he would use his best efforts to restore the Union, and to secure peace to the country. He also stated that he was opposed to absolute coersion. Davis admonished the people to defend the Union, and to prepare themselves to combat the Secessionists at the fall election; and when the day of election arrives, select a Governor and members of the Legislature who are known to be devoted friends to the Union.

☞ At last accounts Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, of Missouri, was still on the run, with no certainty where he would end his race, particularly as a few Federal troops were close at his heels. When the Governor left St. Louis he gave his word of honor to the President of the Pacific Railroad that the property of the road should not be harmed; but before he had been twelve hours gone he ordered the Gasconade and Osage bridges burned, thus destroying the usefulness of the road and giving a severe blow to the trade of St. Louis.

☞ The destruction of the great and costly railroad bridge over the Shenandoah, at Harper's Ferry, will be a heavy loss to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Temporary bridges, however, will soon restore the line of communication between Wheeling, Parkersburg, the West generally, and Baltimore, by which the Railroad Company will, in some degree, be compensated for their great losses in property and in the obstruction of travel.

☞ The opinion seems to be settled now that Brigadier General Pierce deserves all the censure heaped upon him—and enough is known to make him demand a Court Martial, or, if he does not, send him before one.

THE LOSS OF THE CANADIAN.

THIRTY-SIX LIVES LOST—HOW THE SURVIVORS ESCAPED.

The steamer Canadian, from Quebec, on the 1st inst., struck a field of sunken ice eight miles south of Belleisle, on the 4th inst., and sunk in about thirty-five minutes. One hundred and eighty persons were saved in the boats and landed at Cape Bauld. The survivors arrived at St. Johns on the 14th inst., in a French bark.

The Canadian struck the ice under her foremast, and her three compartments were all broken in at once, whereupon she filled rapidly and soon sunk. The ice field did not attract much attention when first discovered, as it looked small, and was scarcely above water. The steamer was going slow. She had forty-nine cabin, and seventy-one second-cabin passengers, with a crew of about eighty.

Immediately after the collision the Canadian's head was turned shorewards, with steam on. In thirty-five minutes, when all hopes of reaching the shore with the ship were lost, the boats were lowered and sent away full of people. Boat number eight upset and all in her perished.

Five minutes after the lowering of the boats the ship went down bow first with a heavy plunge in forty fathoms of water, and drew down all that were on board except six, who were picked up, one of whom died. At the time the ship went down there was a fearful explosion aft. The captain's boat was about twenty feet from the ship when it sunk, and it was nearly swamped.

Mr. Davis, second officer, went down with the ship; also, Mr. Panton, the mail officer, who was endeavoring to save the mails. Only seven mail bags were saved. The cabin passengers known to be lost are as follows: Rev. Mr. Blount, lady and two children; Mr. Mayhew, of Wisconsin, and Captain Wyckman. Not less than twenty of the steerage passengers, six of the cabin, and ten of the crew were lost. The passengers suffered considerably from sleeping in the hold of a salt-laden French vessel. The agents here are making them comfortable. The Hibernian will call for the passengers on Wednesday.

GOVERNMENT AND THE SOLDIERS.

As is in time of peace there is no greater blessing than the security which a Government like ours gives to the people, so in time of war there is no safety to the Government but in the support of the soldiers. In this present war the conflict is for the maintenance of the Government and the stability and perpetuity of the Union. The duties of the Government and of the soldiers are therefore mutual, that of the Government to take care of the soldiers, and of the soldiers to defend and sustain the Government. It is the duty of the Government to provide the soldiers with plenty of good and wholesome food. In the heart of our own country, with an abundance of provisions in all quarters, there can be no excuse for unwholesome or indifferent food. It is the duty of the Government to furnish the soldiers with substantial and proper clothing and camp equipage, for with plenty of material in our large cities and manufactories, and willing hands to labor, there can be no excuse for indifferent clothing, or a lack of any of the necessaries to insure the comfort and health of the soldiers. For all of these things the soldiers must rely on the Government, they have no other alternative; having left their homes and occupations, they are now wholly in the service of their country for the period of their enlistment, their time and energies are devoted to the noble cause of sustaining the Government and the constitution.

It is likewise the duty of the Government to furnish the soldiers with the best and most effective arms, for with ample means at command to purchase, and the genius of our countrymen to manufacture, there can be no excuse for providing the soldiers with any other than the most efficient weapons. All of these duties on the part of the Government tend directly to its own strength and support, in maintaining the health, increasing the physical strength, and elevating the moral tone of the soldiers.

The soldiers who so promptly volunteered their services at the call of the Government, are not mercenaries, as has been meanly insinuated in some of the rebel journals, nor are they forced recruits, serving a desperate and treasonable oligarchy. They are the freemen of the North, aroused at the first note of danger to the country to battle for the inestimable blessings of a free government, and the birthright of liberty and independence. There is no public duty more sacred than that of defending and sustaining a wise and liberal government, and most nobly have the brave hearts and strong arms of the North responded in the hour of need, and among none has there been a quicker response, or a deeper enthusiasm manifested, than by the soldiers of Pennsylvania. Then let the Government, both State and National, take good care of the soldiers, and the soldiers will take good care of the Government.

RETREAT FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

The retreat of the rebels from Harper's Ferry is fully confirmed by later advices. A portion of them is to join the Confederate forces at Manassas Gap, and another portion is to be attached to the command of that impetuous warrior, Henry A. Wise, who is about to operate against Gen. McClellan's command in Western Virginia. As Wise recently directed the secessionists to bring their scythes, shotguns and reaping hooks for arms, we can imagine what kind of a force he will have to operate with. The evacuation of Harper's Ferry without a fight may be good strategy, though holding it so long proves that it was considered a point of some importance for the rebels, but their retreat seems to us an indication of weakness, a confession that they were not in a condition, strongly fortified as they were, to resist the well appointed force which was moving against them. Intrenched as they were, they ought to have been able to hold the Ferry against a force five times as strong as themselves. So far, rebel valor has not come up to their own standard of comparison with Federal troops, and the principal achievement of their arms is in the destruction of property. At Harper's Ferry the destruction seems to have been complete. The magnificent bridge burnt was one of the engineering triumphs of the country. It was nine hundred feet long, and the loss to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and to the Canal Company, by destruction of dams, cannot be short of a million of dollars. Baltimore city is a large owner in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and between the loss of trade, from the stoppage of travel on the road, and the amount which it will take to put the railroad again in complete working order, must find the present results of disunion anything but advantageous to the interests of that city.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Partisan Leader. By Beverly Tucker, of Virginia. New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This volume is called "A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy," and is stated to have been secretly printed in Washington, by Duff Green, in 1856, for Southern circulation. The work is not completed, but if the first part, as above alleged is true, it certainly ventilates the secession doctrines, and shows the present scheme to have been laid long ago, and the present time was only chosen as a fitting one, and was in no respect connected with the election of Lincoln. The work has thus an interest which would not belong to it in its unfinished condition.

AMUSEMENTS.

All the theatres in this city are now closed. McDonough, of the *Olympic*, had a complimentary benefit tendered him by his friends, on Friday night last, at the Arch. It was a *substantial* benefit. On Friday evening, of this week, Wheatley & Clarke, managers of the Arch, will take a farewell benefit, after which the house will pass into the management of Mrs. Drew. The Walnut closed on Saturday night last. Sanford's Opera House is about the only attractive place of amusement now open.

NO PRIVATEERS IN BRITISH PORTS.—The news from England, by the Adriatic, shows that the British Government has taken a different view of its international relations with the United States, and, contrary to the first intimations, has decided not to allow privateers to enter British ports. Shut out, therefore, from the only harbors they expected refuge in, and blockaded from entrance into their own, these freebooters on our commerce will find their operations very sensibly crippled. How they are to dispose of their prizes, unless they do as the pirates do, burn or sink, after plundering them, it is difficult to conjecture.

GENERAL PIERCE.—Gen. Pierce, who commanded the expedition to Great Bethel, is a citizen of Massachusetts, and held a military command in that State in the militia. Many persons suppose that General Franklin Pierce, ex-President of the United States, is the person alluded to, but the ex-President is a New Hampshire man, and is not in the army. The Massachusetts Pierce is more of a civilian than a soldier, notwithstanding his command in the militia.

GOING DOWN IN THE SCALE.—The people at Charleston informed Mr. Russell, of the London Times, that they were descended from "gentlemen." If the violence and coarseness of the Charleston Mercury afford any evidence of their present position, they have descended a considerable distance, and must now be very near, if not quite at the bottom.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 15th inst., was 233—91 adults and 142 children. There were 29 from consumption of the lungs, 1 from inflammation of the lungs, 11 from small pox, 24 from scarlet fever, 17 from debility, 14 from convulsions, 7 from diptheria, 11 still born, and 4 from gangrene.

HON. E. Joy Morris has resigned his office of representative of the Second Congressional District, and an election is ordered by the Governor on the 2d day of July to fill the vacancy.

TELEGRPH NEWS.

News Received by Telegraph on Saturday and Monday.

Important from Fortress Monroe.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 16, via Baltimore. —Commissary Taylor, just arrived from Newport News, reports another skirmish there this morning. Three companies were sent out by Colonel Phelps to gather some cattle belonging to the rebels. They were fired on by a company of light horse, and three men were wounded. The rebels, being mounted, escaped. The detachment, however, succeeded in its purpose.

The rebels are evidently landing a large body of troops at a point seven miles above Newport News, on the same side of the river, and the rebel steamers come down the river daily. An attack from that quarter is anticipated. We are ready for them at Newport News, and the strong battery erected there by the lamented Lieut. Greble will certainly avenge the Great Bethel disaster, if an attack is made.

The experiment with Sawyer's American rifled cannon, brought here by the Naval Brigade and erected on the Rip Raps, was carried into effect last evening and proved a brilliant success. The rebel battery at Sewall's Point is clearly within the range of this tremendous projectile. Seven out of eleven 48-pound shells exploded a short distance from the rebel camp and one of them over their entrenchments, creating a sensation among the rebels. A house near the rebel battery displayed a white flag.

A grand parade of six regiments took place this afternoon near the Fortress.

There is much dissatisfaction in Colonel Allen's regiment, and charges have been mutually made by the Colonel and the Captains of companies.

The Wheeling Convention—Passage of the Declaration of Independence.

WHEELING, June 17.—In the Convention today, Mr. Pierpont, of Marion, made a strong speech in favor of the declaration of independence reported by the committee on the 13th instant.

On motion of Mr. Dorsey, of Monongalia, the declaration of independence was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Carlile obtained leave to report an ordinance re-organizing the financial bureau of the State, by which no sheriff or other depository of the public funds is permitted, on penalty of the loss of office, to pay any money to the Richmond authorities, or any but the authorities hereafter to be provided.

Mr. Dorsey moved that the declaration be put upon its final passage, calling for the ayes and noes.

This was carried, and the ayes stood 56, without a single negative vote.

Thirty members were absent on leave.

The declaration was signed by fifty-six members, the same number that signed the declaration of independence in 1776.

Col. Stone at Leesburg.

A Skirmish at Seneca Mills—Exchange of Compliments on the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—A gentleman who rode down the towpath of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, reports that, at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, Col. Stone was in quiet possession of Leesburg. He also confirms the report that Lieut. Col. Everett's command at Seneca Mills had a brush with the Virginia Cavalry, under Captain Shreeve, and that the Captain and two of his men were killed. Lieut. Col. Everett drew the water out of the level of the canal, in front of his position, and used the towpath for a breastwork, which gave him a decided advantage in position. The rebels were driven off.

A Government messenger, arrived this evening, represents that some of Col. Stone's command are still in the neighborhood of Rockville, Md. He came down for supplies. As those forces advance the enemy retreats.

The propeller Diamond State arrived at the Washington Navy Yard this morning, with 125 tons of pig lead. She reports having met and spoken the propeller Josephine, going down the river. The latter having been fitted into with muskets from the rebels at Matthias' Point, opposite Port Tobacco, Md., she returned the compliment with a shell, when the annoyance ceased.

Advance Against the Missouri Rebels.

ST. LOUIS, June 16.—Two bridges at Sturgeon and Centralia, on the North Missouri Railroad, were burned on Friday night.

Col. Solomon's regiment went out on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad last night, and Col. Brown's regiment, with four field pieces this afternoon.

Three companies of Col. Tallman's regiment, (the Reserve Guards,) went out on the North Missouri road yesterday, to protect the bridges on that route, and to co-operate with the forces already sent in that direction.

A special despatch from Jefferson City, to the Democrat, says the steamer City of Louisiana arrived this morning, with Col. Boernstein's regiment, a battalion of which is now stationed in the Capitol. Judge Morrison, the State Treasurer, was also on board as a prisoner, but was subsequently released.

LATER.—Company I, of Col. Brown's regiment, which went out on the North Missouri road on Saturday, returned to-night with a Secession flag and eight prisoners, captured at Wentzville.

Reported Capture of a Secession General in Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—A report says that Brigadier General Slack, of the Secession army, while mustering troops into the service of the State at Obilicothe, was taken prisoner by Col. Curtis of the Federal forces. The Federal volunteers were on their way to St. Joseph. It is understood that Gen. Slack will be taken to Leavenworth.

Important from Savannah—Reported Landing of U. S. Troops.

LOUISVILLE, June 17.—The Savannah Republican, of the 12th instant, says that a large number of Federal troops had been landed, on the 11th instant, at Hilton's Head. Hilton's Head is an island on the coast of South Carolina, between the mouths of the Broad river and the Savannah river, and within a short distance of Savannah. The object of this movement was not known, but had caused a great sensation there.

The Privateer Savannah—All the Crew to be Tried for Piracy.

NEW YORK, June 17.—One of the crew of the privateer Savannah, who was brought here on Saturday, will probably be used as State's evidence on the trial of his comrades, who will arrive at this port in a few days. His name is George Knickerbocker, and he claims to be a Northern man impressed into the service of the secessionists. The reason that the whole crew were not brought in the Savannah was, that they did not like to risk so large a number of the prisoners on such a small vessel. As soon as they arrive, proceedings will immediately be taken to bring them to trial for piracy.

The Government Determined to Break Up the Slave Traffic.

NEW YORK, June 17.—This examination of the mates of the Slaver Nightingale, who were brought here on Saturday, will commence before one of the United States Commissioners to-morrow. The Government anticipate no difficulty in obtaining a conviction in this case.

Probable Loss of two Lake Schooners with Cargoes of Grain.

CLEVELAND, June 17.—The schooner Fremont, with 14,000 bushels of wheat for Buffalo, sunk in the river last night. The schooner Ben Flint, with a cargo of wheat for Buffalo, is ashore west of the piers, full of water. Both of the hulls and the Fremont's cargo were insured in Buffalo.

Hail Storm in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, June 17.—A severe hail storm passed over a portion of Plymouth county on Sunday afternoon, causing great destruction to the trees, crops, etc. At Sandwich there was a tornado, partially unroofing houses and bridges, and demolishing chimneys.

Storm in New Jersey.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., June 16.—A violent hurricane, accompanied with hail, occurred about 8 o'clock, this morning, just south of this place, cutting the grain and grass clear to the ground, as with a scythe, uprooting trees, unroofing houses, etc. The steeple of the Branchville Church was carried away, and breaking all the glass in the windows with a south or west exposure. The hailstones were as large as hens' eggs, and remained on the ground in large quantities for ten hours after the storm. The storm covered a space of about two miles in width, extending east and west as far as heard from.

New York Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Increase of specie, $1,343,186; increase of deposits, $336,031; decrease of loans, $3,014,254; decrease of circulation, $255,689.

Prince Alfred's Reception in Canada.

MONTREAL, June 14.—Prince Alfred arrived at Quebec on Wednesday evening. He was received by the military authorities, and proceeded at once to the residence of the Governor General.

Pleasure Yacht Capsized—Six Persons Drowned.

BOSTON, June 16.—The yacht Hiawatha was capsized in the bay to-day, and six persons were drowned.

Capture of a Slaver—Nine hundred and fifty Negroes Rescued.

The ship Nightingale, J. J Guthrie, United States Navy, commanding, arrived at this port this morning from Monrovia, which port she left May 13th. She is anchored at Quarantine

The Nightingale was captured April 23d, off Kabenda, on the western coast of Africa, by the United States sloop-of-war Saratoga, having on board nine hunred and fifty negroes. She was taken into Monrovia, where the cargo was put on shore.

The slave cargo which was landed consisted of 573 men, 97 women, 340 boys and 92 girls—making a total of 802—160 having died on the passage from Kabenda.

A prize crew of twenty six men was put on board the vessel from the Saratoga, and the ship brought to this port. There has been considerable sickness among the crew on board the Nightingale since leaving Monrovia. The following men of the Saratoga have died—Henry Negle, ordinary seaman; John Edwards, landsman, and Michael Redmond, marine.—*N. Y. Post, 16th inst*

Lord John Russell's Notice on Privateering.

The following is a copy of the letter laid before the House of Commons by Lord John Russell:

"FOREIGN OFFICE, June 1, 1861.

"*To the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty:*

"My Lords: Her Majesty's government are, as you are aware, desirous of observing the strictest neutrality in the contest which appears to be imminent between the United States and the so styled Confederate States of North America; and with the view more effectually to carry out this principle, they propose to interdict the armed vessels, and also the privateers of both parties from carrying prizes made by them into ports, roads, roadsteads, or waters of the United Kingdom, or any of her Majesty's colonies or possessions abroad.

"I have accordingly to acquaint your lordships that the Queen has been pleased to direct that orders, in conformity with the principle above stated, should forthwith be addressed to all proper authorities in the United Kingdom, and to her Majesty's naval and other authorities in all quarters beyond the United Kingdom for their guidance in the circumstance.

"I have, &c.,
J. RUSSELL."

Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1861

Last week one of the attaches of Tammany Hall, upon going into the yard of that building, found a man suspended by the neck. He immediately cut him down, but life was extinct The name of the suicide is unknown, but he was recognized by a recruiting sergeant stationed at the hotel, as a man who desired to be enlisted, but as he was not up to the required height he could not be taken. A wallet, containing some money, and a card indicating that he had come from Philadelphia, was found in his pocket. Deceased was about 25 years of age.

Pottly's large hoop skirt manufactory, in Jersey City, was destroyed by fire early on Thursday; loss $9000, fully insured.

The public meeting to tender the Union men of Western Virginia sympathy and support, in opposition to treason, will probably be held at the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday or Thursday evening next. Among the speakers will be several members of the Wheeling convention.

A New York City Regiment, for special service to Fortress Monroe or Ridge, will probably be the practical result of this movement.

The Battery and Castle Gardens, this afternoon, are thronged with people, who have come to take a look at the privateer "Savannah," at anchor just abreast of Governor's Island. The schooner has the "Stars and bars" at her peak, with the Stars and Stripes, however, waving triumphantly over them.

Deaths in Brooklyn last week, 91. Though the city continues very healthy, for the season, yet the Commissioners of Health, at their meeting, on Friday were notified that typhus fever is prevailing to an alarming extent in the Fifth, Sixth and Fourteenth Wards. Measures to arrest its progress will at once be resorted to.

The upper part of the city, night before last, was flooded with counterfeit notes on the Bank of Oatskill. A number of arrests have been made of parties engaged in circulating them. As usual, the Dutch grocers and small traders are the victims.

European travel, as the market reporters say, is only moderately active. The war keeps at home many city families, who, otherwise, would have been in London and Paris ere this, cutting out pleasure and recreation for the summer months. The Borussia, which sailed Saturday for Southampton, Havre and Bremen, reports 152 passengers in all—the majority of whom appear to be Germans. I notice, however, a few from New Orleans and other places in the O. S. A. Also, Mr. Louis Schade, correspondent of the Agricultural Department at Washington, and two or three Philadelphia families.

The slaver "Nightingale" will be libelled to-morrow, preliminary to her confiscation. She is a first class vessel. Though built at the East, there is every reason to believe that her owners are in New York.

The Wilson Zouaves are off at last. They are going, it is said, down to the Gulf.

COTTON continues firm at 14 a 14½c. for middling Uplands.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour continues in fair request, but prices are lower; 14,000 bbls. are reported sold at $4 70 a 4 90 for superfine State and Western, $4 80 a 4 85 for extra State, $4 90 a $5 for the low grades of Western extra, and $5 20 a 5 35 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is firm. We hear of sales of 1500 bbls at $5 60 a 6 20 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6 30 a $9 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is steady; 300 bbls. changed hands at $3 a $4. Corn Meal is quiet at $3 a 3 05.

GRAIN—Is in fair request, and the market is firm; 110 000 bus. were sold, at 93a$1 10 for Chicago spring; $1 07a1 12 for Milwaukie club; $1 20a1 29 for red winter Western; and $1 43a1 54 for white Western. Rye is selling at 66a68 c. Oats are in moderate demand, at 31a32c. for Western, and 32a33½c. for State. Corn is more active; 59,000 bus. were sold, at 48c. for round yellow, and 57c. for new Southern yellow.

PROVISIONS—The market for Pork is dull and heavy; 500 bbls. were sold at $10 75 for Prime, and 15 75 for Mess. The market for Beef is unchanged; 300 bbls. are reported sold at $10 25 for repacked Mess. Lard is selling at 9½a9¾c.

WHISKY is in fair demand; 700 bbls. were sold at 16¼a16¾c.

The following were the closing rates at 3¾ P. M.:

	Off. Ask.	Off. Ass.
Tennessee 6s	85	85½
Virginia 6s	84½	84¾
Missouri 6s	57½	57¾
Pacific Mail	64¾	65
N Y Cen R	73¾	73¾
Erie R	23	23½
Hud Riv	31¾	32
Harlem R	10	10½
do Pref	23¾	24
Reading R R	32	22¾
Mich Cen R R	41¾	41¾
Mich S & N I R	11	11¾
" guaran'd	24	24¾
Panama R R	103	107
Illi Central	93¾	93¾
Ill Cen R R	61¾	63
Gal & Chi R R	59¾	59¾
C & R I R R	22¾	22¾
Chi. Bur & Qui	51¾	55

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

We understand that properly authorized representatives of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, have united in a mutually satisfactory arrangement for permanently leasing the work of the latter named company, in its present incomplete and unfinished condition, to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Three millions of the Philadelphia and Erie bonds are to be endorsed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which, it is estimated, will realize more than sufficient to finish and equip the road. Existing contracts for construction, etc., made by the Erie Railroad Company are to be carried out, but payments are to be made under authority of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company from the three millions of endorsed bonds. The Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company has, ever and above the three millions named, between three and four millions of bonds, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the payment of the Company's debts. The rent under the lease in perpetuity of the receipts. So far as the negotiations have progressed they are represented as entirely satisfactory to the managers of both Companies, and would be consummated by them, but

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DREAMLAND LIFE.

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

Entering the dreary dreamland life,
When childhood's years were on the brow,
Wronged battling with temptation's strife,
Conquering—yet still unconquered now.

Far in the distant, radiant sky,
The shadows crept with stealthy tread,
Morn scarcely dawn'd when night was nigh,
And all life's golden sunlight fled.

This dreamland life—each passing hour,
The poisoned cords with stronger power
Are binding shadows closer still,
"Against my wish, against my will."

Betimes I think *it is a dream*,
Those long, sad years that lie between
The dim, mysterious present hour,
And those when free from sorrow's power.

It is a dream. It cannot be
That the dark shadows ne'er will flee;
"Unto the dawn" our feet will roam—
The Sun—bright morning soon will come.

Soon, they who since life's early morn,
Mistrust for us have always borne,
Will find we *are not* what they deem'd,
What our strange life to them hath seem'd.

This dreamland life—it's shadows now
Are twining thorns around our brow,
And hope's frail bark, now tempest-toss'd,
Though shores are distant, is not lost.

We still will trust to wake and find,
The cords which now our heart-doors bind,
All broken, and our pathway rife
With flowers of a happier life.

Jacksonville, Ill.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

☞ Persons sending communications to this office advertising seeds and other articles for sale, must put them in the shape of advertisements, and pay the usual advertising charge.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LIGHTNING RODS.

Lightning rods are intended for a specific purpose—the conduction of accumulations of atmospheric electricity to the ground. The conditions affecting the accomplishment of this result are sufficiently well known. Water assumes the gaseous form in evaporating, and is dissolved by the atmosphere in large quantities, giving to the sky its blue color, in greater or less intensity, according to the amount of water actually dissolved. But as soon as change of temperature or some other cause occasions precipitation of the water, we have at once aqueous vapour, in the form of haze or cloud, consisting of minute particles or spheres of water. The accompanying precipitation we almost always find the development of free electricity, or, in other words, that the vapor or cloud is charged with atmospheric electricity—sometimes slightly, sometimes intensely. According to the laws of electricity, this charge must reside upon the surface of the minute spheres of water, exercising an important influence in keeping them apart—that is, in preventing them from remaining together and forming drops of rain. Suppose, now, that a cloud exists, thus charged with electricity, and insulated by the surrounding air. The heat which the cloud contains also helps to keep the minute particles of water asunder. Should the temperature fall, this may suffice to bring the little spheres together, notwithstanding the repulsion of the electricity, and form larger particles, or even drops of rain. But the surface of these larger particles, or rain drops, now contain all the electricity which previously resided on the much greater surface of the small particles. Hence, the cloud, or falling rain, is now much more intensely charged with free electricity than before, and every time that the small drops coalesce to form larger, the aggregate of surface which holds the electricity becomes smaller, and the cloud or falling rain becomes more and more intensely excited. The striking distance of electricity—that is, the distance through which a discharge takes place from a cloud or other body, depends on the intensity of the charge in that body. Now, a cloud may be highly charged with electricity, and yet be prevented from discharging, by its distance from another cloud less highly charged, or from the earth. But, under these circumstances, if any cause determines the precipitation of the small particles into larger ones, the cloud may become sufficiently charged to overleap the distance which was previously insurmountable, and the result is a flash of lightning; or a change of barometric temperature, or the attraction of hills, or simply of the earth, may bring the cloud within striking distance of objects beneath it. But what happens, perhaps, still more often, when objects upon the earth are struck, a mass of falling rain, highly charged, in the way already spoken of, descends towards the earth until it approaches within striking distance, when the discharge takes place. Thus, there is evidence to show that dangerous discharges of lightning often take place from vapor or falling rain, within a few hundred feet of the surface of the earth. When it is considered that a spark a foot long, from the prime conductor of a large electrical machine, gives a powerful shock, and that a spark ten feet long would require an intensity one hundred times as great, and that a spark one hundred feet long would require an intensity ten thousand times as great, there can be no doubt that this latter discharge would be sufficient to occasion all the known destructive effects of lightning. The object of the lightning rod is, therefore, to discharge accumulations of atmospheric electricity at variable distances, sometimes in its immediate neighborhood. But it does not follow that a near and dangerous accumulation of electricity should be directly overhead. Sometimes a house is struck at a more or less oblique angle. A mass of falling rain from which danger may be apprehended, may be at an angle 40 degrees from a high building when it comes within striking distance of it. Or, the zigzag course of the electric discharge may bring it to its final leap in such a position as to strike a house almost laterally. For these reasons, the protection of the rod should extend in all directions as much as possible. We now come to the rod itself. There are three essential requisites for this: First, it must have points for the silent discharge of electricity. A rod does its duty, it almost always conducts off a dangerous accumulation of electricity within striking distance, *silently*, and without noise or information of the service it has rendered. We know that a point will discharge a prime conductor at a much greater distance than its striking distance. But a brush of points is still more effectual. Let the lightning rod, therefore, have a ball upon its top, carrying a vertical point and four or more lateral pointers inclining upwards, at an angle of perhaps 40 degrees. The first requisite is thus *a pointed rod and a multiplication of points*. Second. The rod must be *continuous*. There must be no interruption between the pointed discharges above and the earth below. If the rod is in separate joints, it must be either welded or well screwed together. Connection by loop is wholly inadmissable. It is better to have no rod than an imperfect or treacherous one. Third. The rod must have *perfect connection with the earth*, which is its point of discharge. Better always carry it to water, even if it has to go to the bottom of a well. A reasonably good connection may be made by soldering the lower end of the rod to a sheet of copper, and burying it sufficiently deep to be in contact with *moist* earth, or buried in a bed of charcoal placed deep enough to be *always moist*. In cities, the gas and water pipes make a perfect ground connection. The attachment of the rod to the house is another point requiring some consideration. An iron staple, driven into the house, to hold the rod, would be unadvisable, but a wooden block, with a hole bored through it, through which the rod may be passed, is perhaps as good an attachment as any hitherto constructed. Much has been said of insulators, consisting generally of glass rings or pieces of glass. But these are exposed to the weather, and consequently wet during the thunder shower in which they are to act, if ever, as a protection, and are therefore worthless. If bell insulators should be constructed and used, similar to the telegraphic insulators, by which the insulating surface is kept dry, they would no doubt be a slight additional protection. But a continuous rod, of the ordinary size, with perfect ground connection, is so many thousand times a better conductor than wood, however moist, with which it can come in contact, in the ordinary modes of attachment, that, practically speaking, all the electricity to be discharged in an ordinary thunder storm would follow the rod to the earth, instead of being directed to the building. The pointed extremity of the rod should be elevated as high as convenient above the highest point of the building, and if the building is extensive, the rod should have more than one, or several such pointed terminations, as it is well known that a rod attracts only two feet around it for one in height. It is well to place a pointed branch on each chimney communicating with the rod below, and not led the rod extend along the ridge pole of the house. MALAKOFF.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE POTATO ROT.

The potato rot being a matter of vital importance, not only to the farmers of the country, but to all classes of the community, it behooves every intelligent farmer to inquire carefully into the causes of the evil, so as to apply the proper remedy, and avoid, as far as possible, the unfortunate result. The *insect* theory having been advanced, let us first examine its claims to correctness. The facts, in my opinion, are all against that theory; for, first, we find that in some seasons there is little or no rot in the country; it is also often confined to localities, being badly prevalent in some places, and in others no appearance of it manifesting itself. Again, some varieties are more susceptible of rot than others, which could hardly be if caused by insects. Now, if so caused, it would seem necessary that, in order to propagate the species, it would appear every year; we also find that in early planted potatoes, of early varieties, it seldom or never appears. My opinion, based upon close observation, is, that the rot is caused by the fall rains, followed by warm, muggy weather. I have, for two years last past, noticed that early kinds escaped, while late ones rotted. Potatoes should not be planted till the ground is warm enough to bring them on without any stoppage or backening. Three years ago the spring opened so warm and beautiful that I was tempted to plant some garden potatoes; they were planted on the 5th day of April; the weather changed to raw and cold, and I saw no more of them for forty-one days. I now, as soon as the ground is sufficiently warmed, and spring fairly settled, select the earliest varieties, plant them in good ground, dig them as soon as ripe, say from the 10th to the 20th of September, and bury them just as deep as I intend them to be for winter, and no potatoes ever came out of the ground, in spring, finer or in better order than they have proved to be. My method is this: manure the ground not too heavily, plow well; if rough, harrow smoothly as possible; if the ground is smooth and well plowed, I think it is as well without harrowing; furrow about three or four inches deep, and drop on the bottom of the furrows, and cover about two inches; when the plants are about three inches high, if the ground is yellow and smooth, scuffle out the weeds with the hoe, or run the cultivator through them, when of the proper size to hoe, plow them as shallowy as will raise dirt enough to hoe them properly, not raising the hill too high, and if clean and the ground mellow, the cultivator will be better, then, as said before, dig as soon as the tops are fairly dead, and if the ground is not wet, let them lie in the sun but a very little time, put them in the hole and cover deep enough to be in no danger of frost, and the job is done; and the next spring potatoes will come out of the ground sound and good. The above is my plan, and if it succeeds with others as well as it has with me, it will abundantly repay the labor bestowed upon the crop. X.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

WATERMELONS.

SOIL.—The best soil for a watermelon patch is a very light, sandy loam, very rich, or made so with well rotted stable or hog pen manure and leaf or vegetable mould. And the ground should be plowed up deeply and well harrowed.

PLANTING.—The melon seeds should be planted when the apple and peach buds are beginning to expand fully into leaf, in hills, ten feet apart each way, well manured with hog-pen manure, that being the best animal manure for this crop. The hills should be some three or four inches higher than the surrounding soil, and have a capping of fine earth, of an inch or two in thickness, placed on the top of the manure, put into each hill. And the seeds should be planted nearly or quite in contact with the manure, so that your plants may derive immediate stimulation from it, and grow up with sufficient strength and rapidity to escape the ravages of the melon bug. Five or six seeds should be put into each hill, and when the plants are about six inches high, you should thin them out, so as to leave but two vines to a hill, as that is enough to cover your allotted space.

AFTER-CULTURE.—The after-culture of the watermelon consists in hoeing the ground and keeping it loose, and free from weeds and watering, especially in times of drouth, the plants regularly with soap suds and liquid manure, and also applying a mixture of four parts of plaster to one part of guano to the leaves of the plants, when wet, to keep the bugs from destroying the young plants, and in so applying it again when washed off by the rain. So a fair sprinkling of wood ashes over the vines when they are about two inches high, while the dew is on them, or after watering them, and repeating the operation three or four times during the ensuing two weeks, will, it is said, also prevent the ravages of bugs and worms. But to keep your vines free from the ravages of worms you should visit your vines every morning before sunrise, as you can then easily discover and kill the worms, until your patch is rid of these pests. More or less of hoeing and weeding will have to be done until your vines begin to cover your land, and then no further cultivation will be necessary. And, in weeding the ground, you should be very careful not to injure or disturb the vines where they have fastened themselves to the ground, as the rootlets which there penetrate the earth supply the principal nourishment to your growing melons. If the variety of melon you are raising is apt to ripen rather late in the season, it will be well for you to manage it as directed by "Delwyn," a correspondent of the "Newspaper," from "Hopewell, Chester co, Pa.," who, in writing for this paper in 1856, tells us that he had such a variety (the Orange Melon) and that he managed it successfully as follows, to wit:

"I tried one other plan, which I am prepared to recommend as the very best of any. Plant in hills in the open ground as usual, then take four bricks, set them on their edge round the hill; cover over with glass, and you have a miniature hot-bed, which will do for the seed and young plants just what they need. All my melons advanced that way are from two to three weeks earlier than last year. I placed glass in this way over a hill which had been planted for four weeks without sign of sprouting, and which I entirely despaired of, and in a very few days I had fine plants up. Applied to all kinds of early vegetables, I am confident the plan would be of advantage."

And I would just say, by way of comment, that the plan of "Delwyn" is an excellent one—try it and report results.

VARIETIES.—And now, as I have written so much about the watermelon, so called after the sweet and rich juice or water contained in this fine fruit, let me add a brief description of our most popular varieties of watermelons.

ORANGE.—This melon is of a small size and an oval form, a light green, very thin rind, and of a most delicious flavor, supposed to be a native of China. When this melon is ripe its rind is easily separable from its flesh, as it peels off like the skin of an orange, and leaves the flesh unbroken—a strange peculiarity that has secured this very productive melon the name of orange watermelon. Some represent it to ripen late, while others say it ripens earlier than common.

IMPERIAL.—This melon is of small size, only weighing from four to five pounds, roundish, thin, white rind, light red flesh, and very small red seeds.

JEWETT.—This melon is of a long shape, dark green striped skin, deep red flesh and yellow seeds.

MOUNTAIN SWEET.—This melon is of a pretty longish form, thinner at its stem end than at the other, of a uniform dark green color, almost a black color, thin rind, red flesh, and large grayish or brownish seeds.

HANOVER OR JACKSON.—This melon is somewhat larger than the Imperial melon, long, green-skinned, light red flesh, white seeds, and very productive. There is also a round variety of this melon. And taking its flavor and productiveness into view, some consider it superior to either the Orange, Imperial, Jewett, or Mountain Sweet, just described.

SOUTH AMERICAN.—This is a very large melon, quite longish in form, rind covered with stripes of a light and dark green color, red flesh, white seeds and pulp, coarse in the centre, and full of a juice of delicious sweetness. Specimens of this variety have weighed as high as twenty-two and a half pounds.

WHITE MEXICAN.—This melon is rather variable in form, and has white flesh and seeds, but possesses an excellent flavor.

MOUNTAIN SPROUT, OR LONG CAROLINA.—This is a large, long, bright scarlet fleshed and drab colored seeded melon—very fine.

SPANISH.—This is a small, round melon, of a very dark green color, very thin skin, scarlet flesh, black seeds, and rich sugary flavor.

LONG ISLAND.—This melon is very variable in form, being either round or long, with red flesh and gray seeds—the most common variety grown for the markets of the city of New York.

CASSABAR MELON, OR LARGE PERSIAN CANTALOUP.—This melon is represented to be of good size, very productive, and superior in flavor to any variety of watermelon yet known—at least this is the opinion of Dr. J. F. Evans, of Wallace, Chester county, Pa., as I learn from his description of this melon, published in the "Dollar Newspaper" in 1858.

CITRON.—This melon is round, smooth-skinned, striped and marbled with light green—flesh white and solid—valuable for preserving.

May, 1861. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

TIME TO PLANT CORN.

I have just read the remarks of Solon Robinson and others, as reported in the last Semi-Weekly Tribune, made at the weekly meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club, of May 27th, respecting the *proper* time to plant corn.

I am not much surprised that these *city farmers* know but little about *corn planting* and other agricultural matters, about which they talk so fluently and *learnedly*, from week to week, at these same Institute gatherings.

We of the Great West, where corn, hogs, and neat stock predominate, know that the *proper* time to plant is when the soil is in good tilth, and "Old Sol's" rays have given it sufficient warmth to start the germ of the grain into life; and that to have other rules at variance with them—such as our learned Institute members have raked out of the superstitions lore of "Auld Lang Syne"—will not enable us to reap the "seed time and harvest" vouchsafed us, neither replenish our lean purses with "hog money" in the late fall and early winter. Permit me to quote and illustrate:

"The *proper* time to plant corn is when the leaves of the oak are as large as squirrel's ears." (He, Solon Robinson, forgets, or perhaps is not aware of the fact, that this country is possessed of many kinds of oaks, which leaf out at various seasons.)

Well, *some* oaks have shown leaves as large as "squirrel's paws," this month past, yet during the last six days *only* have we had *suitable* and *safe* corn planting weather.

But again, says Dr. Trimole at the same meeting:

"The *proper* time is when the dog wood—*cornus Florida*—is in bloom." Why, bless your ignorance, sir, the dogwood is *always* the *first* shrub or tree in bloom in this Great West, and is in bloom before the ground is sufficiently *thawed* to permit the passage of the plow.

These two Solons' opinions, as expressed above, exhibit a great variation in time, and a lamentable ignorance about this matter of agriculture, of which they wish to instruct us ignoramuses of clod-hoppers.

Farmers, exercise your own intelligent good sense and judgment in this, as in other matters, and heed not the ignorant presumption of these *city* farmer advisers. They are a disgrace to our noble profession, and let them alone in their councils. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Truly, W.

Loudon, Madison co., O., June 1st, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RAISING POTATOES.

The potato is one of the most productive of the root crops, and, where the soil is properly prepared, well repays the labor spent in cultivation. My method of raising potatoes is as follows: Early in the spring, I cover the ground thickly with well-rotted barn-yard manure. On an acre I spread about twenty wagon loads, or enough to cover the ground entirely over, to the thickness of two or three inches. About the tenth of May, I plow my ground, turning up the soil to the depth of eight or nine inches. It is very important that the soil be cultivated deeply for the potato crop, as the roots then spread to a greater distance, and the tubers grow much larger than when the soil is deepened but three or four inches. I find also that where the ground is plowed deeply, that the vines remain green much longer than they do where the ground is plowed shallow; and from this I infer that potatoes planted on deeply plowed ground grow a greater length of time than they do on soil that has been merely skimmed over. By manuring the land before plowing, the manure is buried beneath the soil, in the proper place to furnish food for the roots to and make the tubers grow thrifty. After plowing, I cultivate the ground until all lumps are well pulverized and the ground is mellow. The ground should then be marked for planting, and in doing this a small plow is preferable, as when planted in a shallow furrow the hills are left nearly level with the surface of the ground.

In marking, I take pains so that the rows may be nearly straight; so that I can cultivate closely up to the hills, and thus perform nearly all the labor of cultivation with the horse. When preparing the seed, I select good-sized, healthy-looking tubers, cut them once, and in each hill place three of these pieces. I have always planted the hills three feet apart each way, and think this distance preferable to any other, greater or less. When the hills are large enough, so that I can see the rows plainly, I *cultivate* them out, going twice to each row both ways. This kills all weeds that may have sprung up, and leaves the soil loose. In about two weeks after, I plow out the potatoes, going two furrows to each row, and turning them closely up to the hills. In doing this, care should be taken that none of the vines, which are now large be covered, as they turn yellow and die when covered up. Now hoe the potato, making good-sized hills, and the labor of cultivating the crop is finished. The amount raised on a single acre, where the soil is thus enriched, and properly cultivated, will exceed the amount raised on two acres of the same land without the manure, with shallow plowing and poor cultivation. H. N. T

ETIQUETTE.

USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

HINTS TO LADIES.

Always avoid the foolish practice of depreciating your own rooms, furniture, or viands, and expressing regrets that you have nothing better to offer. Neither should you go to the other extreme of extolling any particular thing or article of food. The best way is to say nothing about these matters. Neither is it proper to urge guests to eat, or to load their plates against their inclinations.

When visiters propose to leave you, do not be over urgent to have them remain, even if you feel that their visit has been too short. You can express your regrets, of course; but good manners do not require you to endeavor to retain them against their wishes or sense of duty.

Don't make your rooms or stair-case gloomy. Furnish them for light, and let them have it. Daylight is cheap. If your rooms are dark, all the effect of furniture, pictures, walls, and carpets is lost. If your rooms be beautiful things, make them useful. The fashion of having a nice parlor, and then shutting it up all but three or four days in the year, when you have company; spending your own life in a small room, shabbily furnished, or an unhealthy basement, to save your things, is the meanest possible economy.

Don't put your cards around the looking-glass, unless in your private boudoir. If you wish to display them, keep them in a suitable basket or vase on the mantle or centre-table.

If you are a guest in any family, you should accommodate yourself to their customs and habits. Ascertain their hours for meals, for retiring, &c., and regulate your own movements accordingly. Your own good sense and delicacy will teach you the desirability of keeping your room tidy, and your articles of dress and toilet as much in order as possible. If there is a deficiency of servants, a lady will certainly not hesitate to make her own bed, and to do for herself as much as possible, and for the family all that is in her power.

Treat your servants always with kindness, but at the same time with firm respect for yourself; on no account be familiar with them, neither hear their tattle, nor tattle with them. Do not scold them, or they will lose their respect for you. When they need reproof, give it them in a calm, dignified, and firm manner; but on no account, if you can possibly avoid it, find fault with them in the presence of strangers, even though they should let fall the tray with your best set of china upon it.

The reputation for good-breeding of the mistress of the house is often measured by the conduct of her servants. You should take care, therefore, to make them civil and polite, teach them to assist your visiters in putting off and on their overcoats, cleaks, &c., and let them always be ready to open the door when your guests arrive or depart.

Accustom your servants never to appear before you too slatternly or too richly dressed; never allow them to enter into conversation with each other in your presence, nor to answer you by signs or coarse terms. If you have only one servant, talk of her by her Christian name; if you have more, talk of them by the names of their offices, such as nurse, cook, housemaid, butler, footman, &c., but always address them by their Christian names.

Never entertain your visiters with any narrative of your servants' improprieties.

A lady in company should never exhibit any anxiety to sing or play; but if she intends to do so, she should not affect to refuse when asked, but obligingly accede at once. If you cannot sing, or do not choose to, say so with seriousness and gravity, and put an end to the expectation promptly. After singing once or twice, cease and give place to others. There is an old saying, that a singer can with the greatest difficulty be set agoing, and when agoing, cannot be stopped.

A lady will not say, "My husband," except among intimates; in every other case she should address or speak of him by his name, as Mr.

If a lady who receives a half-ceremonious visit, is sewing, she ought to leave it off immediately, and not resume it, except at the request of the visiter. If they are on quite intimate terms, she may request permission to continue. If a person visits in an entirely ceremonious way, it would be very impolite to work even an instant. Moreover, with friends a lady should hardly be occupied with her work, but seem to forget it on their account.

To carry children or dogs with you on a visit of ceremony, is altogether vulgar. Even in half-ceremonious visits, it is necessary to leave one's dog in the ante-room; the nurse who holds the infant must also be left without the drawing-room.

When ladies are introduced to one another, or to gentlemen, it is not customary for them to shake hands, but merely to bow slowly and gracefully. Courtesying is now obsolete. When old friends meet they shake hands or salute each other with a kiss on the cheek.

Ladies of literary tastes should never attempt to show off much, for fear some jealous rival of the other sex should sneer and call them *blues*.

A lady should never prolong a friendly call into the evening, or make one at the close of the day, without having first arranged for an escort home. She should either have one of the domestics accompany her, or else a male member of her family, or have an understanding that they come for her. Should she have loitered until evening without being thus provided, she must accept an escort from the family visited, at the same time expressing her regrets.

If, in travelling, any one introduces himself to you, and does it in a proper and respectful manner, conduct yourself towards him with politeness, ease, and dignity: if he is a gentleman, he will appreciate your behavior—and if not a gentleman, will be deterred from annoying you; but acquaintanceships thus formed must cease where they began, and your entering into conversation with a lady or gentleman in a boat or a coach does not give any of you a right to after-recognition.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

Ths creaking wagon's in the shed,
The busy flail is heard no more;
The horse is littered down and fed,
The harness hangs above his head,
The whip behind the door.

His leathern gloves and hooked bill
To-day the woodman throws aside;
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill
Sleeps in the mill-dam wide.

The miller's boat is anchored where
Far out the water lilies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear
Within the mill-pond deep.

The harrow's in the garden shed,
Hoe, rake and spade are put away;
Unweeded stands the onion bed,
The gardener from his work hath fled;
'Tis holy Sabbath day.

Upon the wall the white cat sleeps,
By which the churn and milk-pans lie
A drowsy watch the house dog keeps,
And scarcely from his dull eye peeps
Upon the passer-by.

And sweetly over hill and dale
The silvery sounding church bells ring
Across the moor and down the dale
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings fling.

From where the whitewashed Sunday-school
Peeps out between the poplars dim
Which ever throw their shadows cool
Far out upon the rushy pool,
You hear the Sabbath hymn.

From farm and field, and grange grown gray,
From woodland walk and winding ways,
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And sing God's holy praise.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GOOD OLD KENTUCKY SPEECH.

THE UNION CANNOT BE DESTROYED.

BY SENATOR ROSSEAU, IN THE KENTUCKY SENATE ON THE 21ST MAY, 1861.

[The question before the Senate was on discharging the Committee on Military Affairs from further consideration of a petition of sundry citizens of Paducah, praying for an appropriation for the purpose of establishing a fort at that place. Senator Johnson made a very able speech against the discharge of said Committee.]

Senator Rosseau said: I shall vote for the discharge of the Committee. The petition comes from the respectable constituents of the Senator from McCracken—Dr. Johnson. They ask for an appropriation to fortify Paducah. Their request has been duly and respectfully considered by the Committee on Military Affairs, and said Committee desires to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. The Senator from McCracken says he has but little hope of obtaining the appropriation, or that his people will be heard by the Legislature; that they are defenceless, and provision should be made for their defence. I asked that Senator against whom they would defend themselves? He was then on the floor of the Senate, but declined to answer. There could have been but one reply to the question, and that he would not give.

I will give him the answer. The assumed preparation for defence was, in fact, a preparation to fight our own Government. Of this I have no doubt, and hence no reply to my question. Can it be that defensive measures are desired to oppose Jeff Davis? Most assuredly not. He would be sustained by that Senator, and those that act with him. But who threatens Paducah? Who offers to assail her? Who will assail her? Will our own Government assail her? Surely not. Then why fortify Paducah more than Covington, Newport, Louisville, Maysville, and other exposed points on the Ohio River? There is no reason for it. But the Senator tells us that Louisville, too, might be fortified. I am much obliged to him. Louisville is in no danger. She is already fortified by the strong arms of her brave and patriotic citizens. They are loyal and true to the Union. She has no fears of our own Government. She knows that the United States Government is *hers*, and she loves it for its blessings, and relies upon it for her protection. If assailed by the seceed States, and hard pushed, she knows where to find defenders, and she will have them. Her people will not tolerate the enormous expense necessary to her fortification, nor will she, in any event, fortify against her own Government. As her representative here, I'll lend myself to no such atrocious purpose. I will not fight, or prepare to fight, against my own Government, nor countenance the schemes of those who do. Never! No, sir, let those who would fight the United States, and like the world, go at it. I will not aid them in their treasonable projects, but will resist them to the last.

But I wish to sum up, Mr. Speaker. Permit me to tell you, sir, what I think of this whole atrocious scheme of Secession. I speak for myself only, and am alone responsible for what I say; and I thank God that I may still speak what I think on Kentucky soil. Yes, sir, good, brave old Kentucky, my mother, "my own native land," is still free. There is no reign of terror here. We still have free speech, a free press, and, as yet, we are free men. Kentucky is true and loyal to the Government. She still rests her head in peace and security upon the front breast of her mother—the Union; and there may she rest forever. She has called upon her gallant sons to rally around her and beat off the vandals who would tear her away from her earliest and holiest associations, and bear her to certain destruction.

But Kentucky is in a false position. I felt it from the first. Yet, she having assumed a neutral attitude, I felt it to be my duty to stand by her, and I have faithfully done so. I am willing still to stand by the position of Kentucky, if we can do so in peace and security. But the position is an awkward one, and may be more awkward yet before our difficulties are ended. The Union is threatened; the Government is threatened by those who have not one well-grounded complaint to make against it, by those who have controlled its destinies for years. I denounce the effort, and those who make it. I say it is wrong, infamous; and if successful it must entail ruin upon us and ours. We see the work of mischief going on, and quietly sit by with folded arms while it is done.

Kentucky has as much interest in the Union as any other State. She loves it as devotedly and shares its benefits and blessings in common with her sister States. She owes it her allegiance and her aid. Her people work for the Union; they talk for it; they pray for its preservation; yet they stand idly by, and let others, who have no more interest in it than themselves, defend it, and save it if they can. It is in a desh struggle for existence, yet we have not a hand to raise in its defence. Is this to be the best government that ever existed on earth—it has ever protected and never oppressed you. But we are told that this is a fratricidal war—a *wicked* war! Well, who began it? Who caused it? Who attempted to break up the Government? Who set the will of the people at defiance, and would overturn the "best Government on earth?" Let recently passed events and those which are daily being enacted answer.

I say the laws should be enforced, if we have any. If we have a Government, let it be maintained and obeyed. And if a wick d, factious minority, without cause, undertakes to override the will of the majority, and rob us of our constitutional and vested rights, let that factious and wicked minority be put down—peaceably if we can, but forcibly if we must. If you don't, they will put you down and certain as fate. Make your election. Don't stand passively by and see your own laws violated, your own Government destroyed, and your liberties swallowed up in tyranny, for fear of a "fratricidal war." If your fellow citizen turns out to rob and murder you and yours, and you see it, you have to hang him, why stop him in *that* way. But when he commits a murder and you would execute the law on him, he says, "O, none of that—no coercion; I am your brother; you must not hurt me;" and for fear of hurting your "brother," as he calls himself, you would permit him to go on in his work of crime. Let the will of the sovereign people be respected and obeyed. Let the laws of the land be enforced on all alike. If they are obeyed peaceably, so much the better; but, *let them be obeyed*. Then you will have peace and security at home, and power and respectability abroad. Unless you do this you will have neither.

But the position of Kentucky will soon be more awkward than it is now. Secessio ists will not allow you to maintain your armed neutrality one moment longer than they can help it. You will see it. They will destroy it when they can, and in any way they can. They have constantly denounced it, and have only *submitted* to it till they could do better. They will soon get up another programme of disunion, and make, or *try* to make, you play your part. The old game in a new form of bloodshed and tersasions will be re-enacted for your destruction. You know not what may come; you may be overpowered by these men at home, or from abroad, and that is threatened now. What would you do then? Yield up your liberties into the hands of those broken down, disappointed and disgraced politicians? Will you submit to the sway of anarchy and the reign of terror now existing in all the seceded States? If not, what will you do? Why, you will call on your Government to do its duty and take care of you.

That is what you will do, and you will not call in vain. And will it not be a little embarrassing to call on a Government to aid you in your extremity, which you would not help when it was assailed by treasonable foes? I think it would. But you would get the help; no doubt of that. The Constitution of the United States pledges every State, and all the people of the United States, to put down insurrections and rebellion, and secure to all within its limits a republican form of government. And, unless the State shall disregard—as some would have us do ours—its constitutional pledges and obligations, it will receive the protection of the general Government. I hope we shall never need it. It would be the last resort, but when the Union men of Kentucky are driven to that necessity, the appeal will be made. *Mark that.*

The truth is, our duty at first was to stand by our Government, and protect and defend it. If it to live under, it was entitled to our respect and confidence and allegiance. If unfit, it should have been abandoned at once, and another formed more perfect. But while true, we owe our allegiance to it. Let us acknowledge it like true men, and not turn our backs upon its greatest peril. We should not do this if we desire its preservation. We should stand by it like men, or pull it down at once. But, we should not stand by and see others pull it down over our heads against our will to the destruction of our liberties, and say:

"We oppose you. We love the Government. It is the government of our fathers; bought with their blood, and bequeathed to us. It is the best Government on earth, and in its destruction we see ruin to us and ours; but as you and we live in sisters States, go and do as you please. We will not resist you. Ruin us if you will."

And so never lift a hand to save us and our children from the blessings of liberty. In my heart I do not approve of this course, and what I do not approve no power on earth shall make me say. I am for the old Constitution of Washington and his compeers—for the old flag, the Stars and Stripes, God bless them; and I am against all factions that would take them from me. It matters not who they are or whence they come, whether they come from England, France, Massachusetts or South Carolina. If they would destroy the Government of our fathers, I am against them; no matter what may be the pretext. No, sir, I am for the Union, and I am willing to defend it by any and all proper means. Our Government is the best in the world. It has answered well all the ends for which governments are made. We all know this. It has oppressed no man, nor has it burdened us a feather's weight. It has brought us nothing but blessings. Under it we have been happy, prosperous and free. What more can we ask? All that Government can do, our Government has done for us. We have been free as no nation was ever free before; we have prospered as no nation ever prospered before, and we have rested in peace and security. Yet all this would not do. Mr. Lincoln was elected and corrupt politicians lost their places. They had controlled the Government in their own way for years. When they lost their power, they declared that the Government was corrupt and oppressive, and that they would destroy it. They robbed it of its arms and munitions of war, sending them South; they involved the Government in a debt of nearly a hundred millions of dollars; robbed the treasury; and thus leaving the Government impoverished and distracted, they commenced the atrocious business of secession. They had lost the offices, and they thought it necessary to create new ones for the benefit of the defunct politicians, and they did it.

This is the grand secret of the whole affair. Had they retained their grip upon the offices, you had never heard of secession. All our losses, all our troubles and suffering, are the legitimate results of secession. We must bear all we must submit to all this in silence, that those disappointed politicians may be presidents, ministers and high officials. Their day was ended by the election of Lincoln. They knew this, and seceded—made new offices and filled them.

Now behold the result of Secession. Distress and ruin stare men in the face; strong men, honest and industrious men cannot get bread for their wives and children; the widow and the orphan, helpless and destitute, are starving; in the best Government on earth, and in its destruction we see ruin to us and ours; but as you and we live in sister States, go and do as you please. We will not resist you. Ruin us if you will."

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May God, in his mercy, save our glorious Republic.

Baths and Bathing.

A cold bath is 75 degrees and under; temperate, 75 to 85 degrees; tepid, 85 to 95 degrees; warm, 95 to 100 degrees; hot 100 degrees and over. The temperature of the body in health is ninety eight degrees Fahrenheit. For purposes of cleansing the skin, a hot bath is the most efficient, but it should be indulged in only occasionally, and for a few minutes at a time, as it rapidly exhausts the physical powers. It opens the pores of the skin and increases the activity of the circulation for the moment; but if followed by an instantaneous cold shower bath, an invigorating effect is produced. A hot bath excites, a warm bath soothes, and tranquillizes; it makes the pulse slower and causes more equable breathing.

A vapor bath is of steam instead of water, and its applied inside as well as out; its first effect is a feeling of oppression, but soon perspiration is induced, and delightful sensations ensue. To prevent taking cold, the person should pass from the steam chamber into a tepid bath for a single moment, then wipe dry briskly, dress and walk.

No kind of bath ought to be taken within an hour before a regular meal, or sooner than four hours after; sudden death has often resulted from inattention to the latter. The best time for bathing is immediately after rising in the morning, as then there is great power of reaction, without which there is no invigoration, no benefit.

The sponge-bath is the general application of water to the surface of the body by means of a sponge. When persons are feeble, one portion of the body should undergo the process at a time, then quickly wiped and dried, and covered, before another is exposed. There are few persons indeed who would not be greatly benefited by the following procedure every morning, winter and summer. Wash the hands first in a small amount of water with soap, for if but little is used, a teacupful, it is warmed by the hands, and thus becomes more cleansing, without the trouble of preparing warm water; then rinse them well; afterwards wash the face in a large basin of cold water just drawn or brought into the room, for all cold water becomes filthy in an hour or two if kept standing in a sleeping or sitting apartment.

After the face has been washed plentifully, throw the water up to the elbows, then a little higher at every dash with the hand, until the arms, neck, throat, behind the ears, arm-pits, and upper portion of the chest, have been deluged with water; next, (except women with long hair,) wash the whole body abundantly, rubbing the water into and about the roots of the hair with the ends of the fingers; then wipe with a towel, absorbing as much of the dampness from the hair as possible with an extra dry cloth, and dress, leaving the arrangement of the hair to the last, so as to give it an opportunity of drying somewhat; for if it is ringing wet it will not dress well, and besides will keep the head cold by its evaporation. In dressing the hair after such a washing of the head, the comb should be passed through it in the gentlest manner, so as to make no strain upon the roots, not break any hair in disengaging the tangles. The hair thus dressed in the morning will remain so the whole day, or, if not, can be easily re-dressed with the adv